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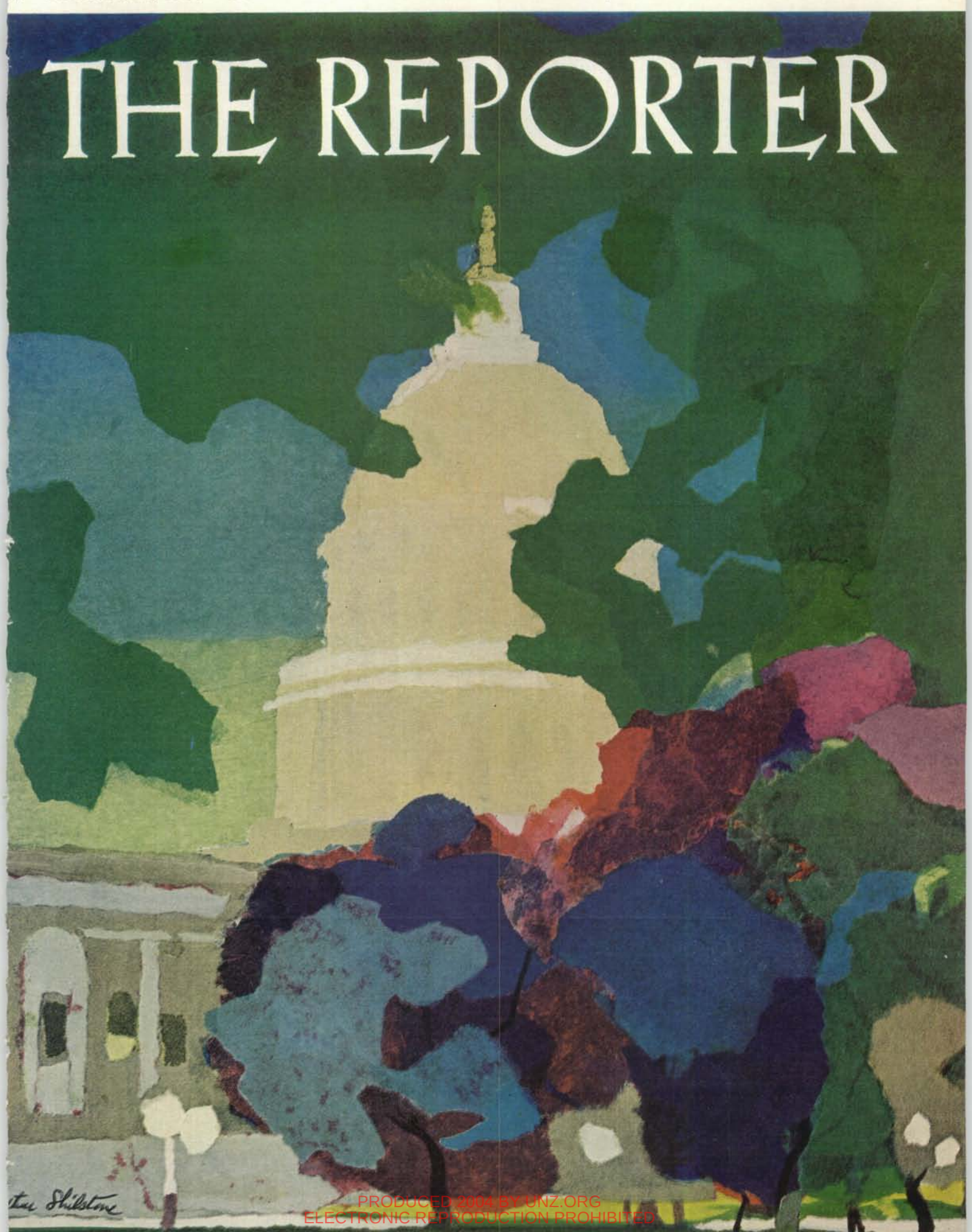

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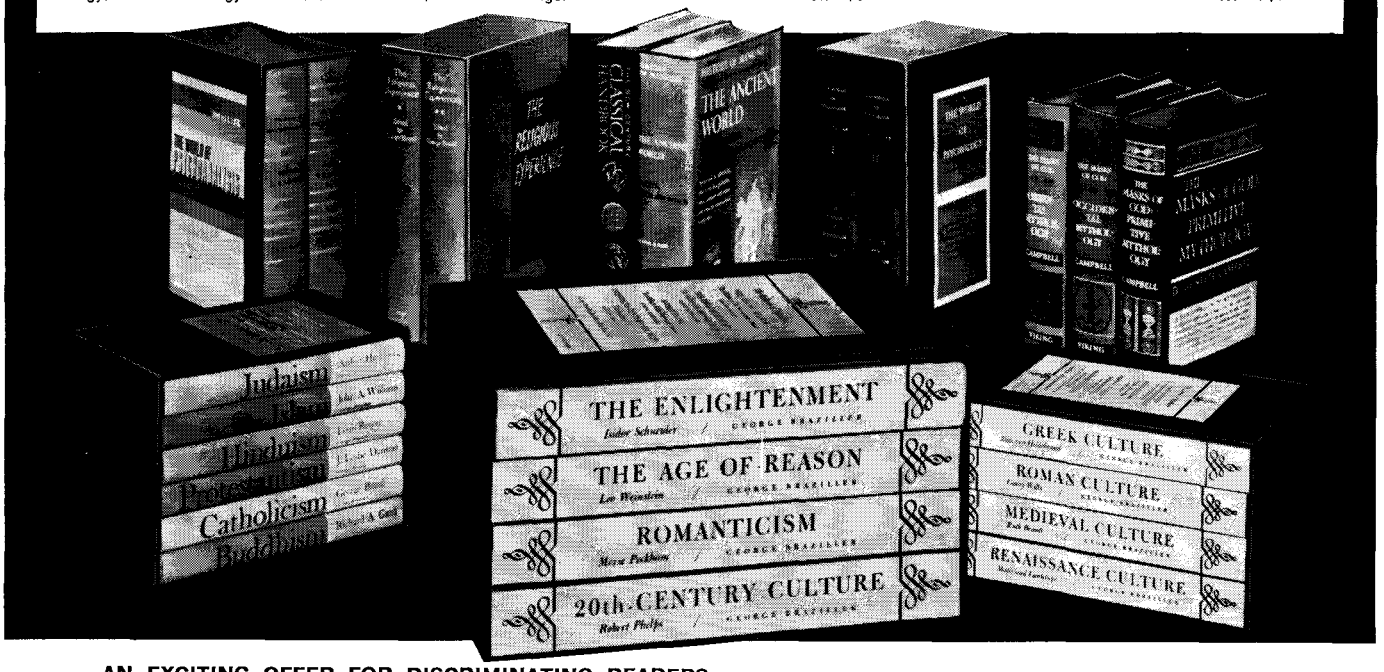

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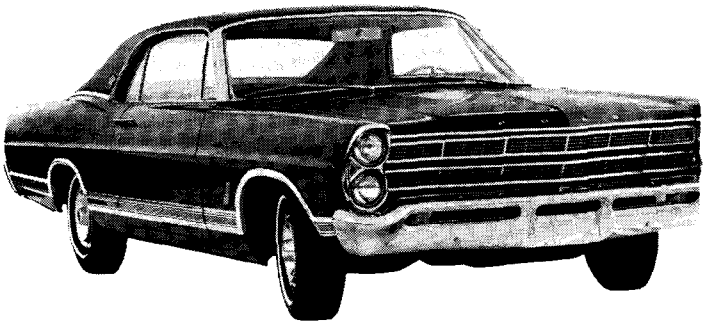

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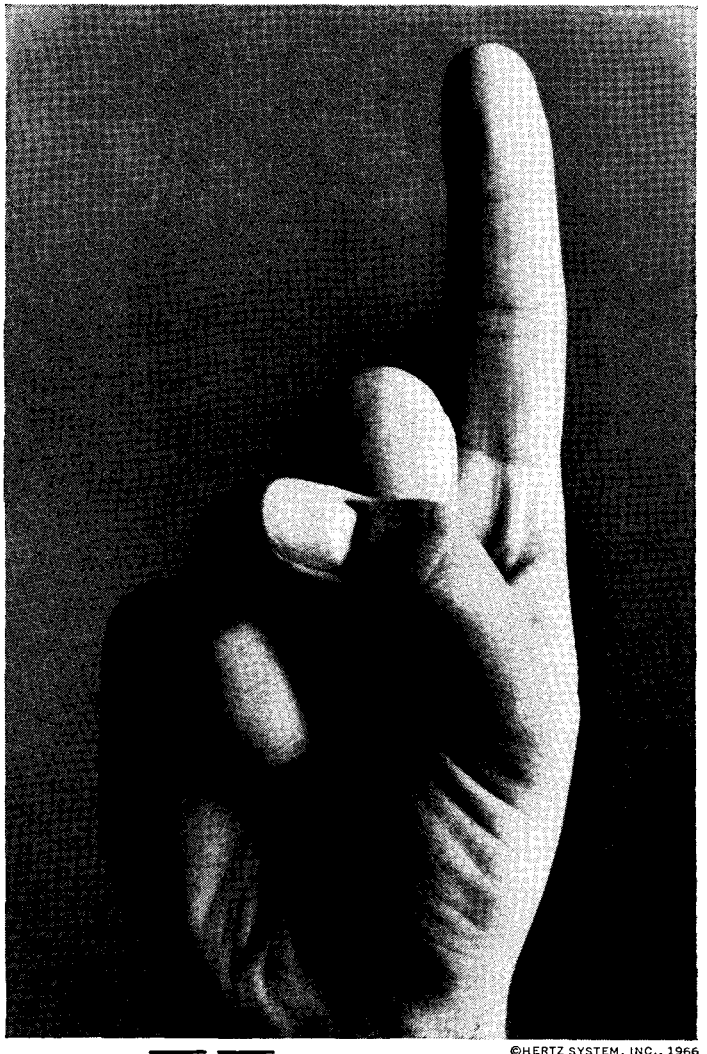

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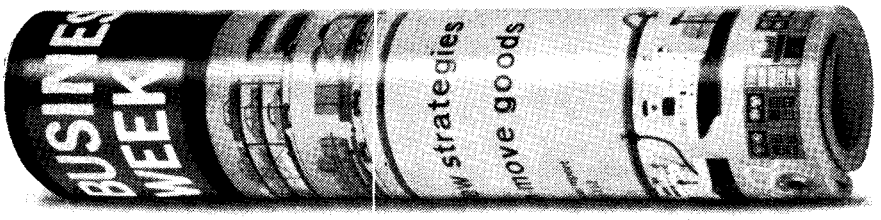

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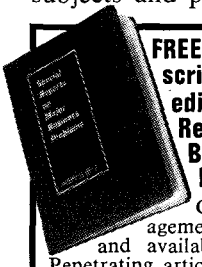

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE recurring illusion that we have something to gain by getting chummy with the Russians has always left **Max Ascoli** uneasy. He finds the theme more worrisome these days only because of its insistent repetition. When this goes on long enough, the Russians have ways of bringing us back to reality.

Meg Greenfield flew around the country with Teddy Kennedy during the recent campaign and returned impressed by a feeling of the young Senator's capacity to grow. By doing his spadework and handling his senior colleagues with tact, he has made a good record, and the legislative side of politics seems to suit his temperament—at least so far.... Many readers will be glad to see the name of **Douglass Cater** in the table of contents again. Our former Washington editor has been getting a different slant on what goes on in the White House since he became a Special Assistant to the President. Author of *Power in Washington: A Critical Look at Today's Struggle to Govern in the Nation's Capital* (Random House), Cater is now viewing the exercise of power at the source. His article was based on a speech given at the Mary Lasker Awards presentation.

THERE IS evidence that the war in Vietnam is soon to enter another phase with the assumption by U.S. forces of a greater burden of the guerrilla war in the Mekong Delta. **Denis Warner** writes that we must expect to find it a much more difficult kind of war than the one we have been fighting against main-force units north of Saigon. . . . The tremendous advances in medical technology have had some unfortunate effects on our hospitals, according to **Judith Randal**, medical editor of the Newhouse National News Service. In a rush to buy new equipment for motives of prestige, hospitals in many communities have wasted funds and lowered efficiency. . . . Florence has a unique place in the hearts of all civilized men. It has long been a second home to **Sidney Alexander**, associate professor of fine arts at Syracuse University, whom we asked to fly to Florence after the flood. Professor Alexander is the author of *Michelangelo the Florentine*. . . . The lotus land of Bali did not escape the terror of the blood purge that followed the abortive Communist coup in Indonesia. **Donald Kirk** has just visited the island from his base in Hong Kong.

REGARDLESS of what may happen to the Warren Report, we will have to learn to live with the horrible event it investigated. Some of the disturbing questions—and the inadequacies—contained in the two most popular critical books are examined by Associate Editor **Kenneth Goodall.** In a companion piece reprinted from the London *Sunday Telegraph*, the distinguished jurist **A. L. Goodhart,** Queen's Counsel, mounts a stinging attack on the logic of the books and the ignorance of law displayed. Mr. Goodhart, who is American born and was educated here and in England, is professor emeritus and retired master of University College, Oxford. He is a member of the Royal Commission on the Police and author of *Law of the Land* (University of Virginia paperback). . . . For some years now we have been hearing a lot about freedom in the arts, and there was a time when authors, film makers, et al. had us almost convinced that only censorship (usually on moral grounds) prevented them from writing or making masterpieces. Well, they've had their fling for quite some time now and we seem to have wound up with an awful lot of dirty books and films and remarkably few masterpieces. **Sarel Eimerl** has proposals to rectify this situation. . . . **Hennig Cohen** edits the *American Quarterly* from the University of Pennsylvania, where he is also a professor of English. . . . Both our poets in this issue are teaching in Iowa. **Nancy Price,** an American, is at the State College in Cedar Falls; **Norman Jackson,** an Englishman on a Fulbright scholarship, is associated both with the Department of English and the Writers' Workshop at the State University in Iowa City.

Our Washington cover is by **Arthur Shilstone.**

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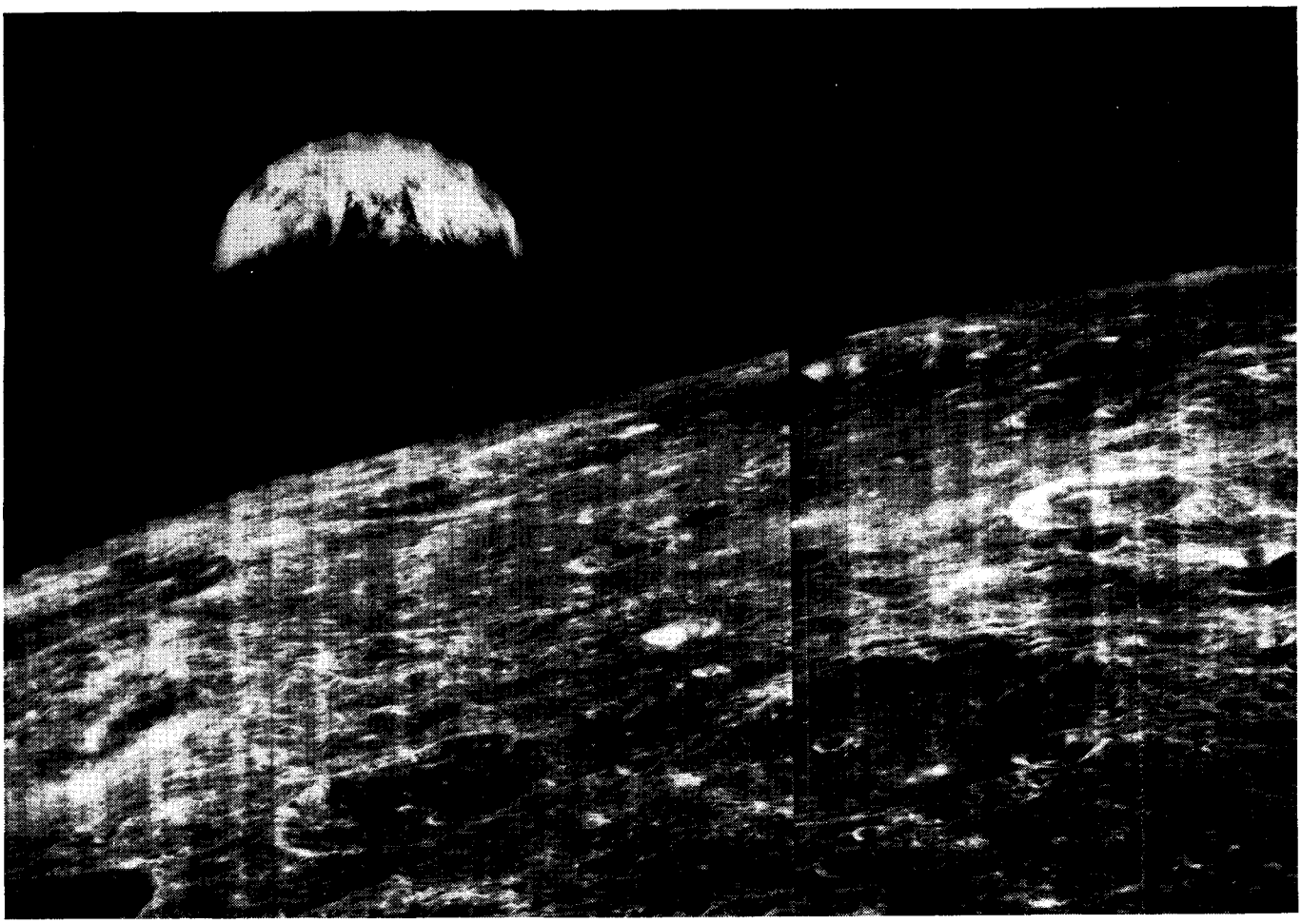
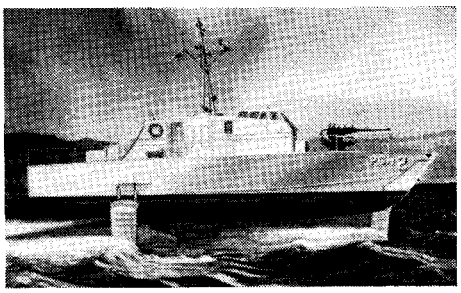
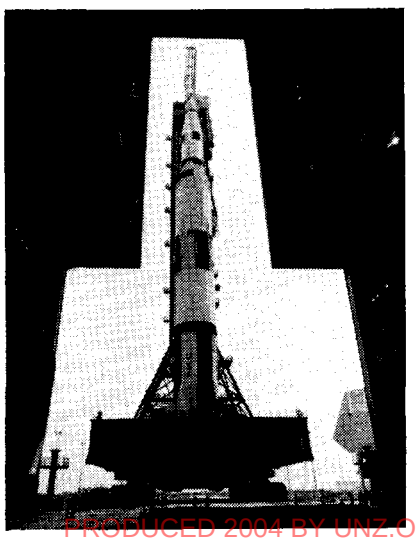


HISTORIC first picture of the earth taken from vicinity of moon. Picture, shot by NASA's Lunar Orbiter, gives vivid close-up view of cratered lunar surface. Lunar Orbiter, designed and built by Boeing, was first U.S. spacecraft to orbit the moon and to photograph far side of moon. Lunar Orbiter I flew and maneuvered flawlessly throughout its mission. It photographed thousands of square miles along moon's equator to help NASA select best landing sites for America's Apollo astronauts. Boeing scientists and engineers, with NASA personnel, controlled Lunar Orbiter's flight. NASA's Langley Research Center is Orbiter's systems manager. Orbiter II was launched Nov. 6 to photograph 13 additional areas for possible use as moon landing sites.

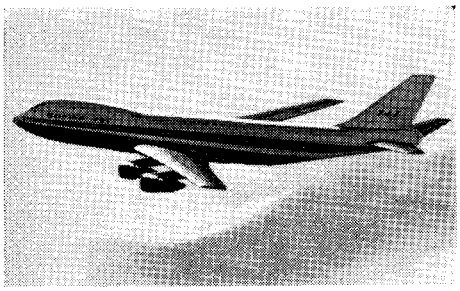
Capability has many faces at Boeing



PGH (Patrol Gunboat-Hydrofoil), designed and being built by Boeing, will be first of its kind for U.S. Navy. Propulsion is by water-jet engine.



NASA's Apollo/Saturn V moon rocket, largest, most powerful in world, is moved on a transporter as large as a baseball diamond. Boeing builds first stage booster, generating thrust equivalent to 160 million hp and provides systems engineering and integration support on entire Saturn V system.



NEW ERA in jet travel will be ushered in by Boeing 747, now being built. Boeing 747 will carry up to 490 passengers and be first jet with promenade-deck roominess, staterooms, lounges. 747 will fly faster (625 mph) than today's jets. Already ordered by: Air France, American, BOAC, Continental, JAL, Lufthansa, Northwest, Pan American, TWA, United.

BOEING

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Nerve System of an Airplane: A report from General Dynamics

Next time you take a trip in your car, try to drive there without steering wheel, accelerator or brakes.

Impossible, of course. They are vital to the job. Without them, the car won't do what it must, even though the chassis, body, motor, power train, tires, fuel, driver—and passengers—are all there.

The function of any vehicle is to deliver something from one place to another. The family car is a passenger-delivering system. A military aircraft is a weapons-delivering system. Avionics are vital to that job.

Extending human will:

In a modern military aircraft, the human crew is the intellect and the will. Avionics—or what used to be called aviation-electronics—are its nervous system, extending the human will through machines for tasks that require accurate control, sustained precise effort, or ultra-fast computation.

Here are some of the things current avionics do:

- Provide exact and unjammable navigation.
- Help the crew fly smoothly and safely, so low that detection and tracking capability of enemy radar will be sharply reduced, or so high and fast that it can circumvent other forms of attack.
- Assist the easy transition from one flight regime to another.
- Detect potential sources of attack from air or ground.
- Help fire any combination of weaponry with precision.

The F-111 fighter-bomber being built by General Dynamics is a case in point.

The F-111's variable-sweep wing, which makes it possible to redesign the aircraft *in flight*, is one of the great aerodynamic advances.

This airplane can fly fast or slow; 12 miles high or skimming the treetops; drift through the air for hours, or attack at two and a half times the speed of sound; ferry itself across an ocean without refueling, and land or take off from rough tactical fields in short distances.

All in all, it is the most versatile aircraft ever designed.

But first and foremost it is a weapons-delivery system. Its avionics, much more sophisticated than those of earlier airplanes, are a good indication of what is required nowadays.

A generation ago, aviation-electronics consisted mainly of radio. Today's avionics include a large assortment of separate systems which are segments of a larger fully integrated electronic system. This, in turn, is integrated with the airframe, the engines and weaponry.

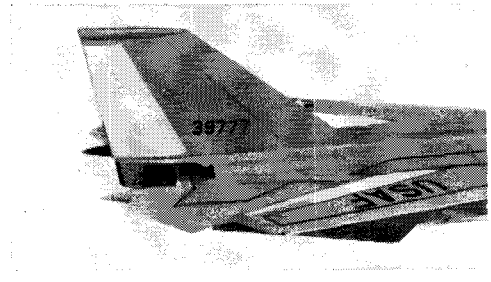
To see how it ties together, look at a few of the F-111's avionics parts.

The triply redundant, self-adaptive flight-control system relates directly to the unique ability of the F-111 to vary the way it flies.

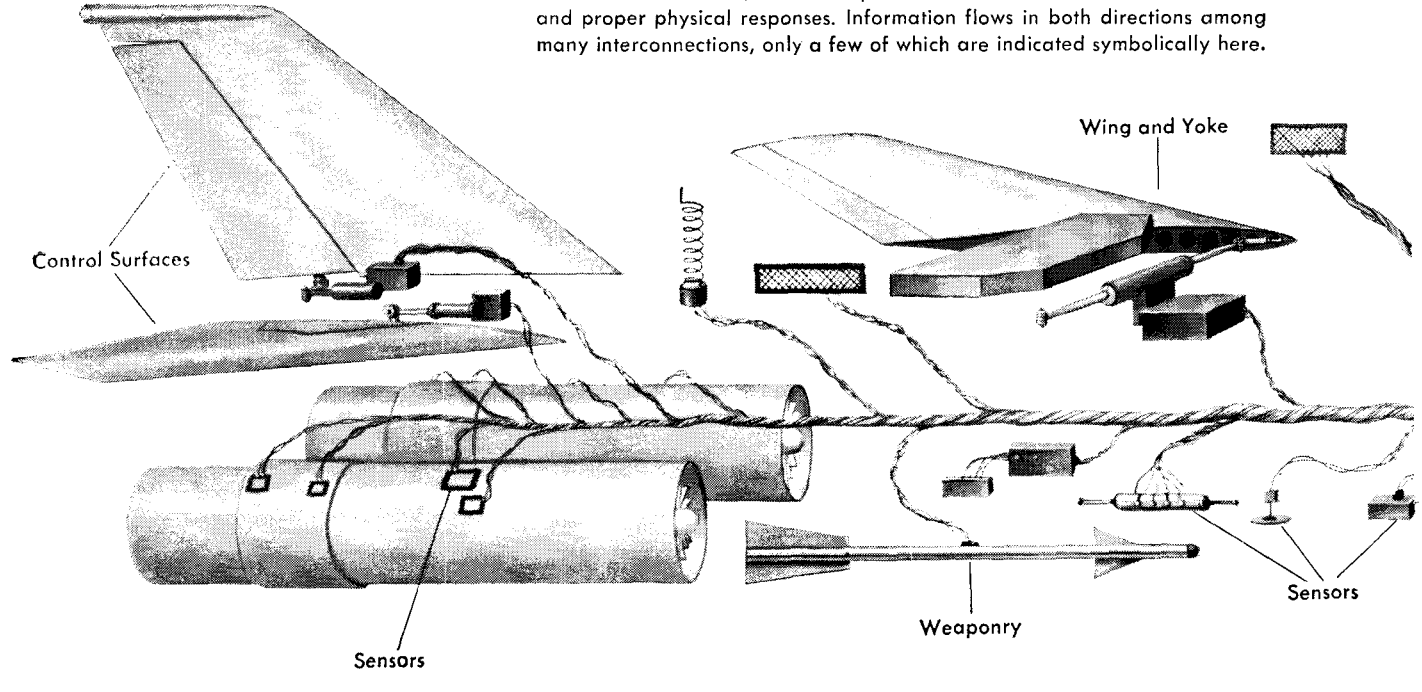
A complex of electronic sensors and computers measures motions of the aircraft and commands, through hydraulic and mechanical components, any necessary compensation to control surfaces.

In case of sudden change in atmospheric conditions (i.e., clear air turbulence or strong gusts), or rapid shift in altitude or direction, the self-adaptive flight-control system will automatically make any necessary adjustments for pitch, roll or yaw—often before pilots even know they are needed.

When wings change position, changes in other control surfaces take place simultaneously. The plane never loses its desirable flying qualities at any speed,



Seeing, hearing and feeling devices receive and transmit impressions to crew and electronic centers, which interpret data and in turn command immediate and proper physical responses. Information flows in both directions among many interconnections, only a few of which are indicated symbolically here.



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or change in speed, from takeoff through Mach 2.5.

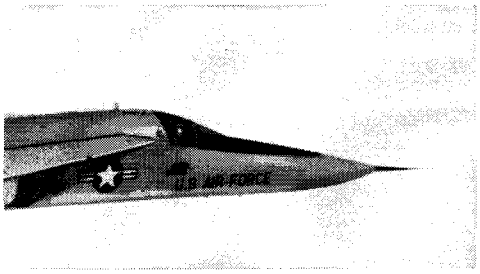
An inertial navigation system eliminates the uncertainties inherent in earlier magnetic-compass, radio or radar navigation techniques.

The inertial system measures every inch of passage, fluctuation in direction or change in speed. At any given moment, the pilot knows precisely where he is in relation to his takeoff point, his target and his return base.

"Hideability":

Terrain-following radar (TFR) improves mission efficiency.

A fast low-flying airplane which can be "seen" only fleetingly is troublesome for ground search radar. For maximum "hideability," the aircraft's terrain-following radar can be set at an optimum clearance close to the ground. The plane can now dip into the valleys and skim the peaks at supersonic speed in any weather, day or night. It can keep on a direct path, yet make the enemy's problem of detection far more difficult.



The TFR constantly looks both down and ahead, and relays its information to the self-adaptive control system. The complex adjusts the entire aircraft far faster than could unassisted human reflexes. Even over particularly jagged territory, the ride is relatively smooth.

The pilot can fly through zero visibility, protected against physical obstructions ahead. Should any of the TFR's circuits fail, the overall avionic system is programmed to put the aircraft automatically into a very sharp climb to higher altitude.

The ultimate function of the F-111, however, is the delivery of weapons—a mix of many types, long and short-range, for defense and attack, with different methods of firing. This calls for three closely related systems.

Finding a target:

A bomb/navigation system, connected to every weapon, constantly measures the plane's speed, altitude, attitude and position. These are computed against information, already stored, on the particular drop or firing pattern of each weapon and the location of the target.

A "head-up" system projects flight and other data, in color bar form, to a transparent reflective plate at pilot's eye level. Through it, he can see all the information necessary to fire guns and missiles without moving his eyes from the target itself.

To extend his sight in bad weather or at night, *high resolution ground mapping radar* provides a clear picture of the terrain or of airborne targets, simultaneously reporting the changing range between plane and target.

With these reinforcing the pilot's judgment, the specific weapon needed can be released, manually or automatically, at the split second when it is most likely to hit its target exactly.

Each of the "separate" systems has a distinct job, yet all are, to some degree, interdependent. For maximum reliability, self-test devices check, before and all during flight, for any malfunction. Should one occur, the "work" can be shifted quickly to back-up equipment—and assure that the mission will not be impaired.

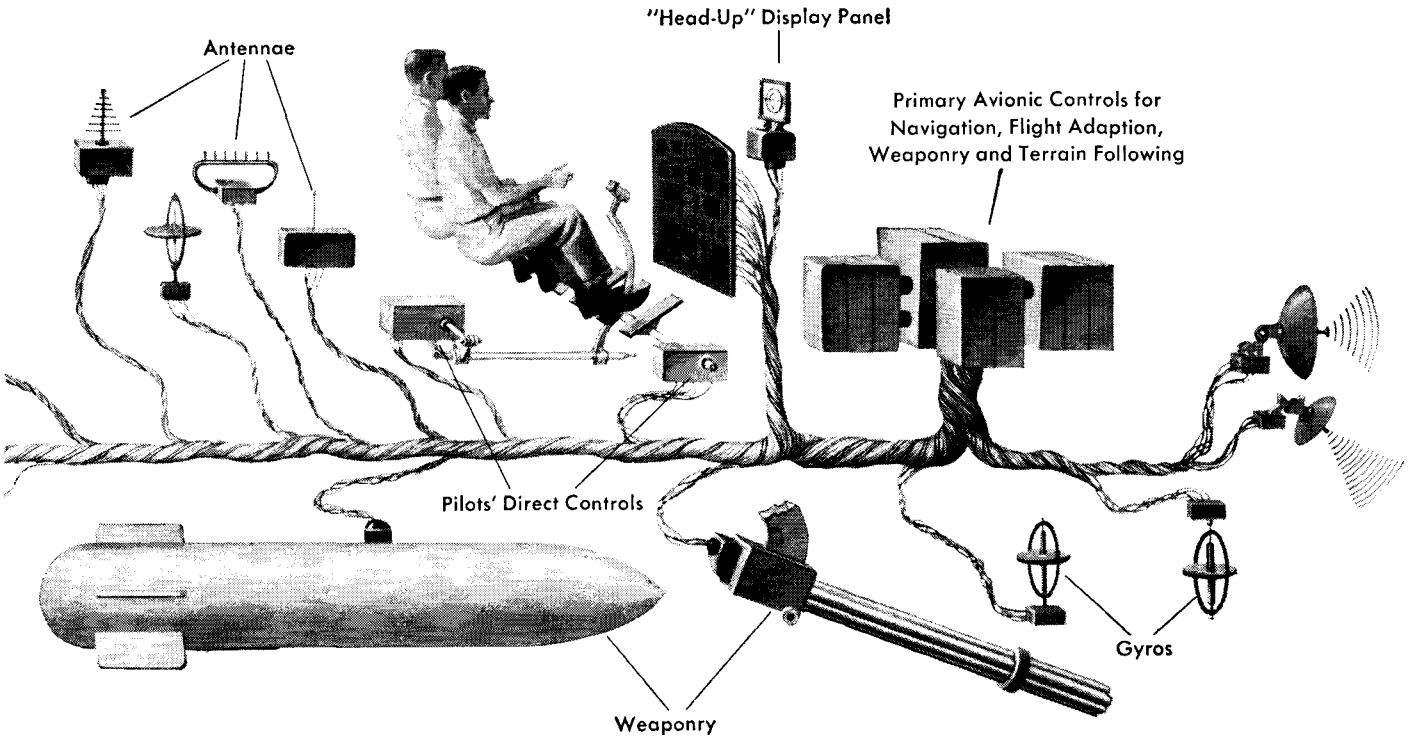
Even though the current avionic systems are advanced over anything that has gone before, newer and improved versions are already being jointly developed by General Dynamics and its many subcontractors who produce the individual systems that make up the whole.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



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CORRESPONDENCE

UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor: The article by Sar A. Levitan and Garth L. Mangum entitled "Coming to Grips with Unemployment" in your November 17 issue is a thoughtful one. Certainly all of those, both in the Congress and in the administration, who have fought to bring unemployment down to its current 3.9 per cent level have been disappointed that rising prices have forced acceptance of what was to be only an "interim" goal.

As long as job vacancies exist for only half of the unemployed and access to most of these jobs is blocked by a chasm of inadequate skills, education, transportation, housing mobility, and public acceptance, the unemployment, manpower, and poverty job is far from complete.

JOSEPH S. CLARK, Chairman
Subcommittee on Manpower,
Employment and Poverty
United States Senate

To the Editor: "Coming to Grips with Unemployment" is both highly informed and very much to the point. The authors suggest a rational way to provide employment for those without jobs by making the Federal government the employer of last resort. While not a new idea, it is certainly worth full consideration during a time of full-blown prosperity and nearly full employment for male whites over twenty-one—what the economists characterize as frictional unemployment—while the unemployment rate among minority groups grows.

In this past session of Congress, I sponsored an amendment to the Economic Opportunity Act to accomplish precisely this through the creation of jobs within subprofessional categories in public service bodies such as hospitals, schools, and welfare and police departments.

For example, Federal money will be spent to create new job opportunities in a local public hospital; an unemployed person would leave the relief rolls, be trained in subprofessional tasks to relieve doctors and nurses of routine and time-consuming duties so that the professional medical personnel could apply themselves more fully to their own exacting work. After an initial period, the subprofessional would move off the Federal grant onto the local payroll, which he would help support, of course, by the taxes he would pay. Many such people, once in the job market, would move laterally to the private sector, with their new job skills.

There would be opportunities for advancement, thus the completion of basic education and an increased level of job skills. It would not only benefit the new careerist; it would also benefit the professional staffs of the public institutions. It would be good for the nation, since there are an estimated four million plus "hidden" jobs in our public and voluntary services that could be both productive and fulfilling, that are waiting to be filled.

JAMES H. SCHEUER
House of Representatives

To the Editor: The article by Drs. Levitan and Mangum represents a balanced view. It was especially gratifying to see their piece clearly identify some of the choices society will have to make in order to come to grips with the problems.

MARSHALL A. ROBINSON, Director
Program in Economic Development
and Administration
The Ford Foundation

I.S. 201

To the Editor: Rasa Gustaitis's "The Angry Parents of I.S. 201" (*The Reporter*, November 17) raises an important question in the minds of some of us: What is the responsibility of the educational system to involve private citizens in the planning, conduct, and evaluation of the educational process?

At first glance, one would presume that the existence of local boards of education in New York provided the opportunity for such citizen participation. The story of I.S. 201 surely destroys that belief. This leads then to the further question: What are those local boards of education, and how do they operate?

A schoolman recently characterized

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #158

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Acrostician—

DAVID McCALLUM

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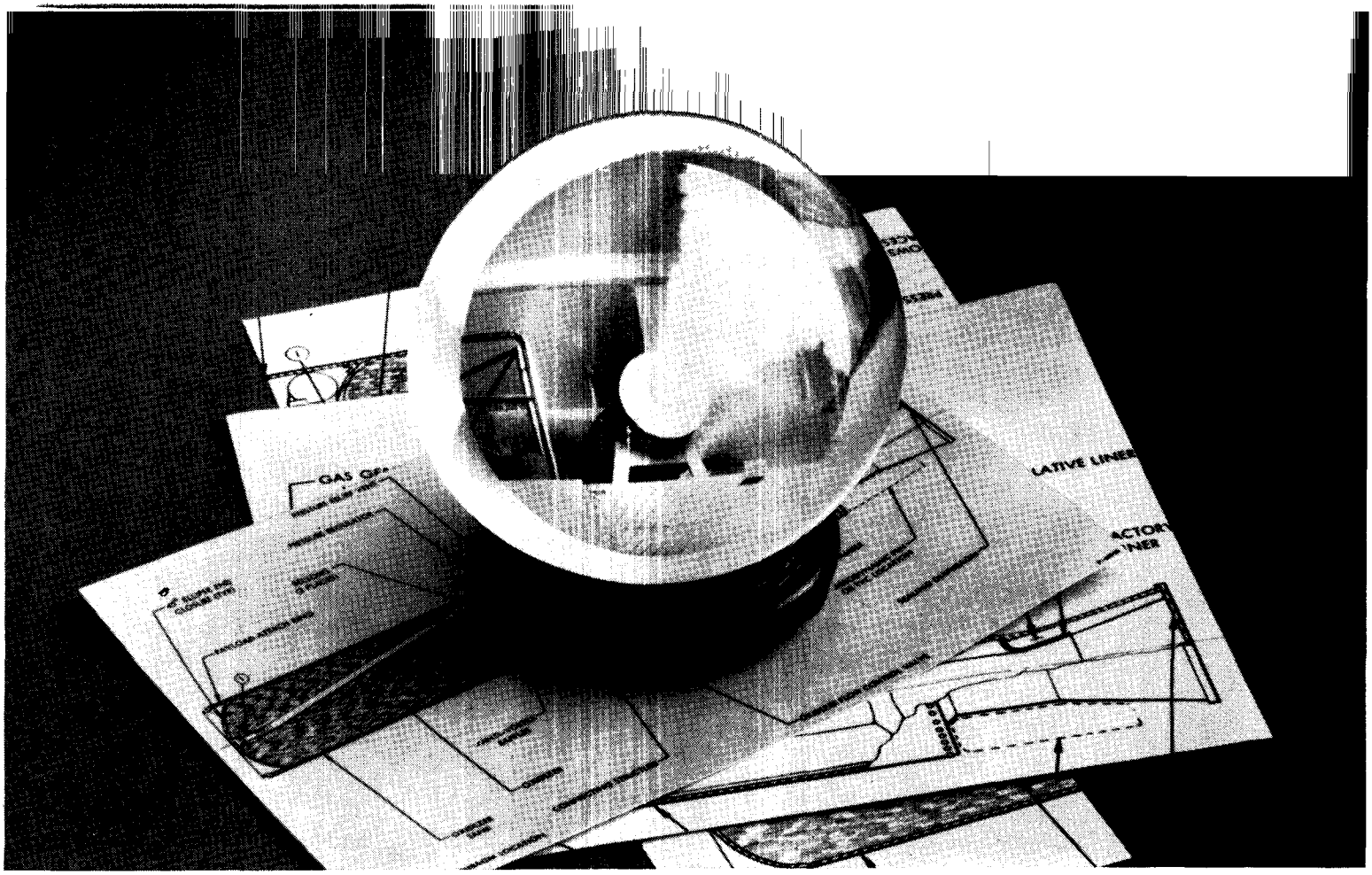

Our new Hybrid Engines are built with some Old-Fashioned Notions

The hybrids are coming.

With the awarding of two Air Force contracts to UTC, one calling for flight demonstration of an advanced multipurpose target missile using hybrid rocket propulsion, and the other demonstrating the feasibility of scaling up hybrid motors to very large sizes, hybrids are taking their place as a coming force in chemical propulsion.

We consider these programs of considerable significance because:

1. As the leading hybrid propulsion system developer for years, UTC has been working to prove that for projects which require inherent safety, stop-start and throttling capability, and a relatively high specific impulse, hybrids provide technically sound and economical solutions. And we now have more than 7800 test firings to prove it.

2. An established hybrid capability means a new "tool" to help solve propulsion problems. UTC has developed and now produces the mighty 120″ segmented booster rockets that provide more than two million pounds of lift-off thrust for the USAF Titan III-C. And we developed a new leader in high performance solid rockets for upper-stage requirements: the FW-4, now functioning as an improved upper stage for the Scout and Delta launch vehicles. With our experience in successfully translating technological developments into reliable operational systems, we are eager to accept the opportunity to reduce our hybrid technology to operational status.

3. Most important, these new hybrids prove again that there's still room in the rocket motor business for a company that stresses such old-fashioned virtues as stick-to-it-iveness. And pride of workmanship. And teamwork. And the value of experience.

UTC is also continuing an active program with NASA and the Navy of feasibility studies and design investigations to show the value of hybrid rocket propulsion for tactical weapons, space vehicles, and upper-stage applications.

One of these investigations concerns use of hybrids to provide multiple mission capability for air augmented rocket systems. The Air Force contracts will provide an excellent reference point for the further orderly introduction of these new applications.

We never lose sight of the customer's need to be able to depend —absolutely—on the quality and performance of our products. That's old-fashioned, too.

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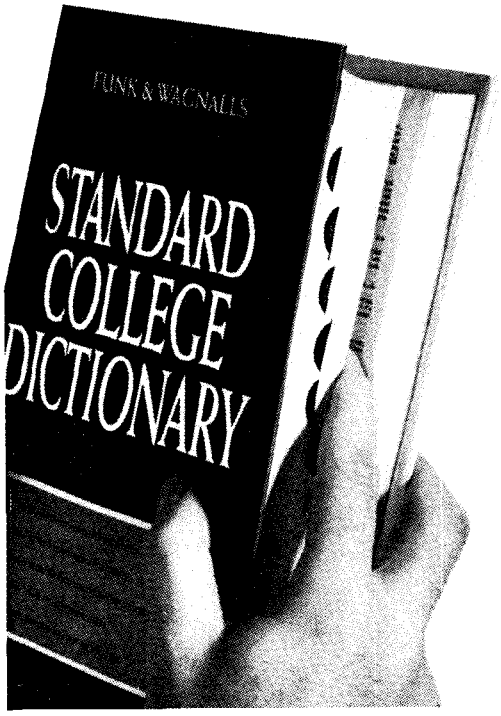

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education as an impregnable bastion impervious to interest, pressures, or concern of outsiders. "Outsiders" in this context refers to those consumers —the taxpayers—who must pay the costs of education. It appears that schools will continue to tax without recourse for those taxed. The experience in New York is a foretaste of things to come nationally. The schools belong to the people, and the people will have to be reckoned with as time passes.

In the final analysis, the future of education depends upon the eradication of this impregnability so that education becomes democratized.

THOMAS H. BURRESS, III
Executive Director
Philadelphia Council
for Community Advancement

To the Editor: Those of us involved in the I.S. 201 dispute appreciated Miss Gustaitis's presentation of the controversy. I hope that it will correct some of the misunderstanding generated by the press.

(Rev.) ROBERT NICHOL
East Harlem Protestant Parish
New York

WILSON'S TROUBLES

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's review of Britain's financial dilemma ("Strong Medicine for Britain's Economic Ills," *The Reporter*, November 17) is as clear a statement of the situation as I have read. But, like so much other reporting of the subject, it seems to me that Mrs. Sterling's article is not particularly sympathetic to Harold Wilson in his tribulations. Indeed, reading the American (and of course the mostly Conservative British) press, one sometimes almost has the impression that the whole economic mess is Wilson's creation. It seems only fair to point out that the present difficulties have been a long time building up. The Conservatives managed to sweep them under the rug for some years, but they could hardly have kept up the pretense much longer. It is at least to Wilson's credit that he is taking action—and strong action. He may very well fail, for the reorganization necessary to make Britain a viable economic proposition is enormous. But meanwhile I see no reason not to wish him well.

SHIRLEY MANN
San Francisco

BILINGUAL TOUCH

To the Editor: What a pleasure to find Ferenc Kormendi in the pages of *The Reporter* ("The Emperor's War Games," November 17). As a young man in pre-World War II Europe, I was one of his many faithful readers. I am happy to learn that neither war, time, emigration, nor the difficulties of writing in a new language (worse for Hungarians than most other Europeans) has caused him to lose his touch.

KURT VOLESKI
Chicago

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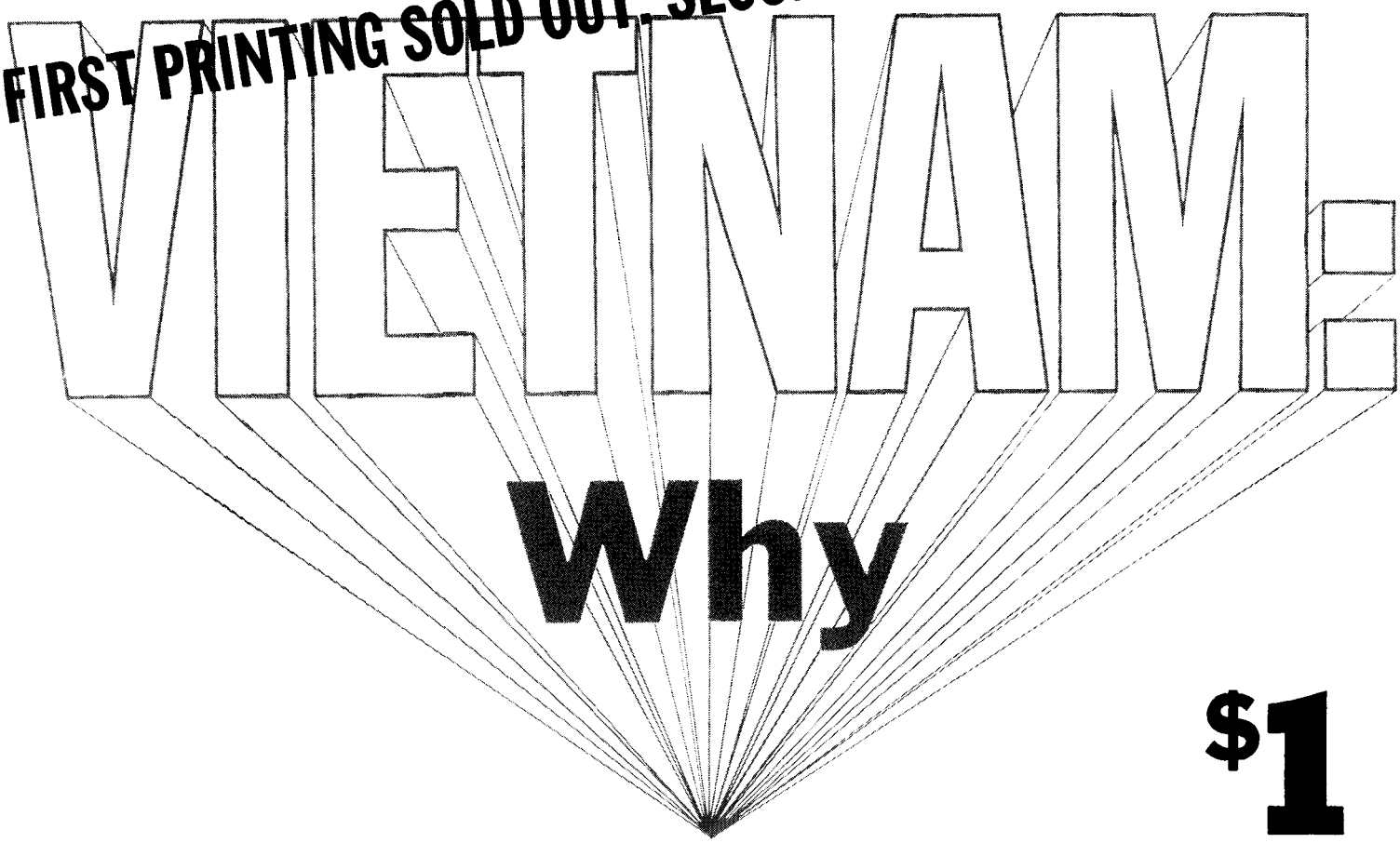

With the first printing of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a second edition—expanded from 56 to 64 pages.

Vietnam: Why has proved, evidently, most useful to those who want to have an understanding of the situation in that country—as it affects the United States, Southeast Asia, indeed, the world. Such an understanding *is essential to all responsible Americans.*

The confusion...the dissension...the *emotions* which surround the war led us to prepare the backgrounder report —*Vietnam: Why*.

Vietnam: Why traces the history of our increasing participation in the war through a compilation of recent, pivotal articles by Denis Warner, Richard C. Hottelet, Philip Geyelin, Takashi Oka, Douglas Pike, Stanley Andrews, and Victor Bator.

In 1965 and 1966, THE REPORTER and Max Ascoli, as editor, and Denis Warner, as correspondent, were cited by The Overseas Press Club for "best reporting from abroad" and "best interpretation of foreign affairs." Much of that coverage was on Southeast Asia. Much of it is published in *Vietnam: Why*.

There are articles on China, the N.L.F., Thailand, the young generals, the refugee problem, the Ho Chi Minh trail, the Buddhists, the Geneva Agreements. Plus Max Ascoli's editorials spelling out THE REPORTER's position.

Vietnam: Why is a book worth owning—REPORTER size (8¾ by 11 inches), containing 64 pages. There is a special foreword and section identifying the writers. In all, you will find 15 articles plus six editorials in *Vietnam: Why*.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The New Proletariat

The impact of the credit card on the American banker is so enormous that it appears to have turned him into something of a philosopher. At least the recent American Bankers Association meeting in San Francisco, its ninety-first annual session, raised some questions with implications for all of society far beyond the monetary realm.

Acceptance of the credit card by U.S. banks is spreading faster than was anticipated, according to Robert K. Wilmouth, chairman of the ABA Automation Committee. Bank cards are spreading the "open end" credit system, by which the consumer can forget about his own responsibility for maintaining a balance in his account. All he has to do is pay for it some day—with interest. A year and a half ago, fewer than seventy banks were in the credit card business. Today more than five hundred encourage its use, and networks of banks are on the brink of inaugurating regional systems with cards recognized by all.

The little card that started with restaurants and retail stores, spread to the travel and entertainment world, and now emerges as a new instrument of banking is "the first plateau in a checkless, cashless society" made possible by the computer.

Wilmouth foresees the day when "P.I.P." will be an accepted part of our world—the Personal Identification Project that bankers now are hard at work developing: one single universal identification system. No more fistful of different cards in a wallet: just one. One number that taps you into the economic system, pays all the bills, and balances the books.

In the ultimate development of a checkless, cashless society, there is room for only one functioning interlocked credit system, the bankers were told. "A single number for each person will be a necessity." How easy, then, for the government to deduct taxes right at the bank. How simple to accumulate census data. How easy, with computer tape in hand, to study the economy, watch the effect of stimulus or deterrent, adjust it up or down.

The banking system of the future was envisioned as something of a transportation network, a transfer point for a monetary flow that would never need to deal in ordinary bookkeeping. Dr. Paul Nadler, a New York University finance professor, warned the bankers that their competitors would undoubtedly be linked into the system, insurance and savings and loan companies as well as nonfinancial institutions such as stores, travel systems, book-clubs, and charities. "There is a likelihood," he said, "that the automated transfer system will be called a public utility and banks will be forced to act as common carriers." And from that point, "outright amalgamation into one financial form is not hard to anticipate."

But what will it do to society to live by one little card and use it for all payments, whether "cash," to mean an instant transfer of funds from one's own account; or "charge," to delay the transfer to the end of the month; or a "loan" when one spends without a balance?

Wilmouth had warnings for the bankers: computers must be programmed to be alert for excessive overdrafts, to search out and reject the stolen or lost card, to ring the bell on the exceptionally heavy user who has started a gambling binge or a drinking bout. But who will warn the consumer?

The bankers were perfectly frank about the tremendous pressures for debt accumulation that the whole system will engender. "The retail business" of banking, the extension of credit to the small borrower, the day-to-day consumer, is where the future growth and prosperity of banking lies, the ABA was assured. Wilmouth admitted, "We have a moral obligation to the consumer and an economic obligation to our stockholders not to make the shopping spree any easier than it is today." But everything he and his colleagues said about automation in banking emphasized just how much easier the shopping will be. And who is to define a "spree"?

What Wilmouth did say sternly is: "Cards should be issued only to credit-worthy individuals." Dr. Nadler carried the point further: "What happens to people who are felt unworthy of being part of the system because of their credit standing?" In a cashless, checkless society, with one single integrated credit system and a number for everybody, how do you survive if you don't fit your banker's standard of sobriety and responsibility? "Is a blacklist bound to develop?" asked Dr. Nadler. Who is legally responsible if a mistake cuts off a man's credit? "Do we develop a two-class financial society?"

Serious questions, the bankers conceded these to be. Too serious, perhaps, to leave answering them to bankers.

The Nine Supersolons

The Supreme Court will shortly have an opportunity to extend the scope of the voting-rights decisions it has been handing down since the landmark Tennessee apportionment case of 1962. The occasion is the state of Georgia's appeal of an Atlanta Federal court's ruling in the disputed gubernatorial election.

Acting on suits filed by the American Civil Liberties Union and others, the Atlanta court forbade the Georgia General Assembly to choose the winner, as the state constitution directs when no candidate has a majority. Such was the case when some 58,000 Negroes and

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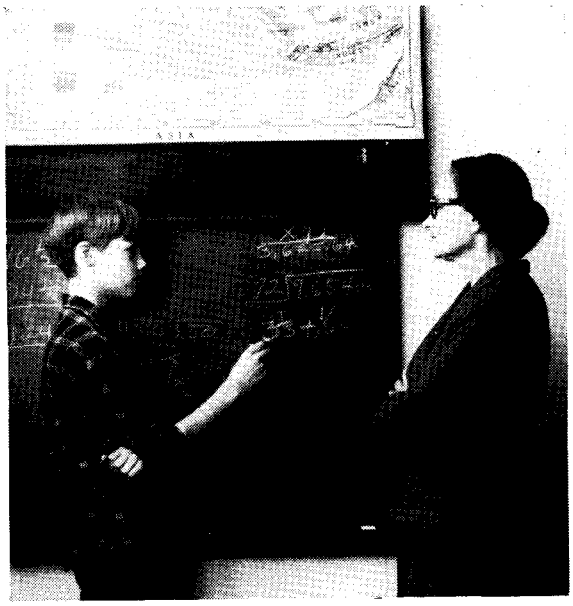
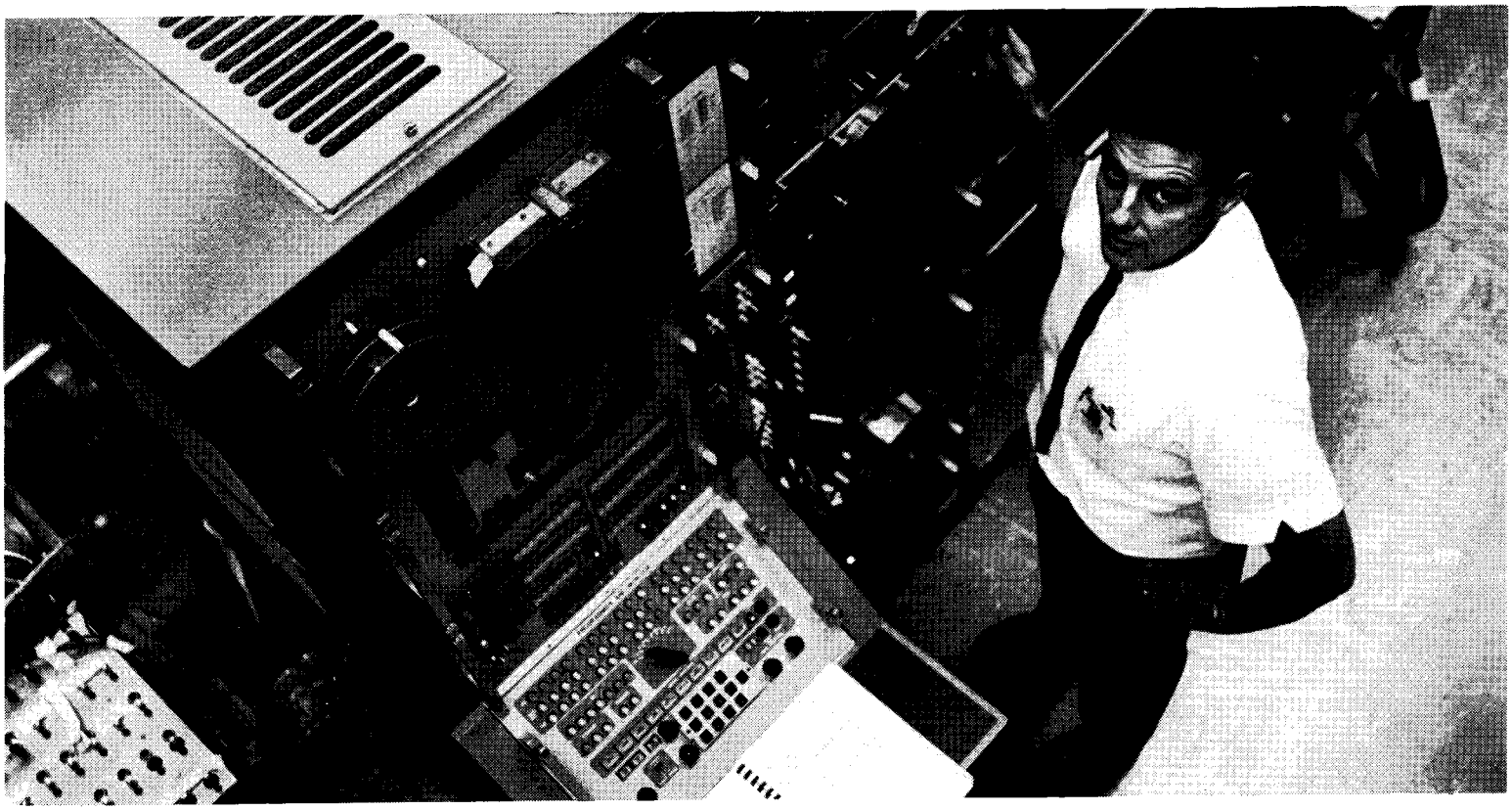


A science-fiction buff with straight "A" in math...

now Blair Tyson plots a course to the moon.



From simple addition to analytical geometry, math was a snap for Blair Tyson. He was not only a whiz kid at mathematics, but he had an absorbing interest in any and all types of science fiction.

Graduating from the Milwaukee School of Engineering in 1958, Blair began working with computers for an electronics company. Here is where his background in science fiction and his aptitude for mathematics merged and were given direction. This combination of interests led him one way . . . to the AC Electronics Division of General Motors in Milwaukee.

Now he works on airborne digital computers. It is AC's job to integrate these computers into the guidance systems for space project, Apollo.

The goal is the moon, and GM's Blair Tyson helps chart the way.

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white moderates cast write-in ballots for Ellis Arnall to block the election of segregationists Howard Callaway, a Republican, or Lester Maddox, a Democrat, who trailed Callaway by less than three thousand votes.

"Many arguments may be made," the lower court said, "but we need go no further than to point out . . . that the candidate receiving the lesser number of votes may be elected by the General Assembly." (Indeed, Maddox would almost certainly be chosen by the Democratic majority in the legislature.) Moreover, the court said, "each legislator would stand as a unit in selecting the governor, and his vote would necessarily eliminate the will of his constituents who voted for the other candidate." The ruling relied on the Supreme Court's 1963 decision in *Gray* v. *Sanders*, which struck down Georgia's unit-vote system of choosing statewide officials. For this reason, the Supreme Court is expected to uphold the lower court, paving the way for another election.

The major interest will center in what else—if anything—the court may say. Either the high court or lower tribunals eventually will have to decide whether write-in votes will be permitted in a runoff election. Obviously, something has to give—either Georgia's requirement of a majority for election, or the right of citizens to cast write-ins; otherwise, Georgia might never find a winner. It is also possible that the court will go substantially further than in *Gray* v. *Sanders* to rule out delegation of votes to any intermediary body whatsoever—be it a legislature, special electors, or convention delegates. A wide-ranging decision could open the way for a challenge of all manner of convention nominations for offices, a field the court specifically declined to enter in its *Gray* decision. It did so again when it refused to consider the challenge of Delaware and twelve other states to the Electoral College system of Presidential electors.

The refusal to hear Delaware's suit, even though it was based on the Court's own voting-rights precedents, was followed last month by similar treatment of a case against the Michigan legislature. Although it had been reapportioned along strict one man, one vote lines, a group of Detroit Republicans and rural Democrats accused the state's Democratic leadership of gerrymandering. A growing body of comment in legal and political-science circles points out that partisan tampering with district lines can deprive political and racial minorities of an effective voice in government just as easily as mathematical malapportionment. But the court ducked this one, too.

It may be that the court is moving with a new and commendable caution in the area of political rights. The Georgia decision should give us a clue.

Cliffhanger

The life and times of Representative Adam Clayton Powell (D., New York) is a hard subject to handle for a fortnightly publication: two weeks in the turbulent career of the Harlem Congressman invariably provide more surprises than we could have guessed at and more court orders than we can parse—not to mention the way in which events keep confounding the soundest predictions about his fate. The Powell saga, in fact, reminds us of nothing so much as those serialized films for children that used to be shown on Saturday afternoons. When last seen, the Green Hornet or Lone Ranger or whoever he was would be teetering at some improbable obtuse angle over a cliff that dropped a lethal thousand feet—whereat the film froze, and the audience was obliged to wait till the following Saturday to see how the hero would get out of that one.

He always did, of course—which brings us back to Congressman Powell. The Congressman currently owes $164,000 to a New York woman who won a defamation of character suit against him, and he has been sentenced to 425 days in jail on civil and criminal contempt charges. If he turns up in New York State, he is subject to arrest. The question, however, is what he will be subject to if he turns up to take his seat in Congress in January. There have been professions of intent on the part of his Democratic

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colleagues to bar him from taking the seat to which he was overwhelmingly re-elected by his constituents this fall. Will he be seated? Will the congressman be arrested meantime? Or will he win his several appeals in the courts of the state in which he dare not set foot?

With Powell thus frozen in the familiar backward hang over the precipice, we thought we would help you pass the time with a little history. The last time the House denied a Representative his seat (aside from contested elections) was in 1900, when it refused to admit Brigham H. Roberts, a Democratic Representative-elect from the four-year-old state of Utah. The basic charge against him was polygamy. Not only was he violating the laws of Utah (so the argument ran), but by sending him to Congress the people of Utah were breaking the compact that the state had made with the Federal government. As a condition of its entry into the Union in 1896, Utah agreed to include in its constitution a ban against polygamy, or, as some others liked to call it, "multiple cohabitation." "I do not defend the cause of polygamy," Roberts said at the time, but like other Mormon adults, he felt he had a moral responsibility toward the women he had married when multiple marriages were lawful. During the debate, he never mentioned his marital status except to ask why, if he was openly defying the law as charged, he had not been arrested. Brigham Roberts was denied his seat by a vote of 268 to 50. One of the most impassioned opponents of Roberts' cause was none other than Massachusetts Representative John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, who argued that "Every wife, every mother, and every daughter in the land is awaiting the action of this House today."

When Roberts was denied his seat there was a genuine wave of anti-Mormom prejudice. Adam Clayton Powell has never been slow to see prejudice at the root of his own troubles. But, paradoxically, if Congress fails to act it will be because it fears such charges from him. And we should not be surprised, if, like Roberts, Powell should rise to ask why, if he is a lawbreaker, he has not been arrested.

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Détente—or Daydreaming?

A POST-ELECTION PERIOD is normally conducive to relaxation, but this time it has been somewhat different, for the lowering of tension preceded the balloting, at least as far as the issues by nature the most unmanageable were concerned. First of all, the issue of war, which was solemnly dealt with by the President a month before Election Day. "Our task," he said, "is to achieve a reconciliation with the East, a shift from the narrow concept of coexistence to the broader vision of peaceful engagement."

These engagements, of course, are to be sought for in Eastern Europe and, above all, with the Soviet Union. "Where possible we shall work with the East to build a lasting peace. We do not intend to let our differences on Vietnam or elsewhere ever prevent us from exploring all opportunities." Yet, the weapons of our enemies in Vietnam are provided by the Soviet Union and the nations of Eastern Europe.

It has been said that the President's speech marks a turning point in American foreign policy. So far this seems to be correct, considering the declaration Under Secretary of State Eugene V. Rostow made in Paris in November advocating multilateral arrangements by western countries in stimulating tourism and trade with Eastern Europe first and presumably later with China.

FOR QUITE A WHILE, the motto "From deterrence to détente" has been advocated by people in and out of government. There would be nothing truer than this motto if it could be practiced by the people of the two sides. The exchange of students, of visitors, and of trade is the healthy pulsation of international life. Unfortunately, the relationships between our nation and the ones in the Soviet orbit—not to mention Red China—are those between separate worlds. Since 1945, the government of the Soviet Union as well as our own has been frantically devising substitutes for war.

Concurrently, a search for substitutes for peace has been going on. On too many occasions, from Greece to Vietnam, Communism, irrespective of its coloration, has not neglected a chance to extend its rule over lands it did not possess and from which the people it captured could not escape. The substitutes for peace that could be found have been halting and precarious, prompted by the mutual fear of unrestrained war. The greatest advantages have gone to the side that proved to be the more tentacular, the more fit to infiltrate foreign territories, slyly reaching into the zones where we were least prepared.

There is no need to go once more over the long list. The most important thing is that, after so many trials, our country is confronted in South Vietnam with a unique task: it has taken upon itself simultaneously to telescope the colonization and decolonization of that country. We must assist its people to attain institutions of nationhood resilient enough to let them live in comparative peace. It would be highly desirable if these institutions could lend themselves to a choice among political alternatives—although such choices are denied to most countries on the Asian continent. Certainly we are committed to do our utmost so that the South Vietnamese may have greater political freedom than, let's say, the people of Burma.

In South Vietnam our country is facing a test unprecedented among other great powers but not in terms of contemporary America. While the struggle for colonization and decolonization is going on simultaneously in that tragic, faraway land, another gigantic, concurrent effort proceeds within our shores: we want to energize the human potential of the disadvantaged in our midst. Again, it is an effort with ups and downs, anguished by defeats in some of the states of our Union, but it proceeds irresistibly. It is much more than a struggle for the right of our colored citizens or of those among the whites who are least privileged. It is even more than an effort to repair old wrongs of history and the mean role that chance has played among a large number of our countrymen. It is an irrevocable national obligation for the present and for the foreseeable future.

The same reasons which prompt us to make freedom more meaningful for those among us who have been free in name only compel us to assure a measure of independence to a people that, temporarily, has become our ward. It is a matter of justice, and even more than justice. The right word for it is humaneness.

THERE ARE those who seem to think that freedom is not indivisible in today's world, who are ready to make agreements across the board with international Communism, who assume that from the era of deterrence we are moving toward détente. Sometimes even our President seems to be among those people. They might be right, but, respectfully, we fail to agree with them. Our soldiers are giving to deterrence short of total war its most formidable, perhaps its ultimate test on the battlefields and in the skies of Vietnam.

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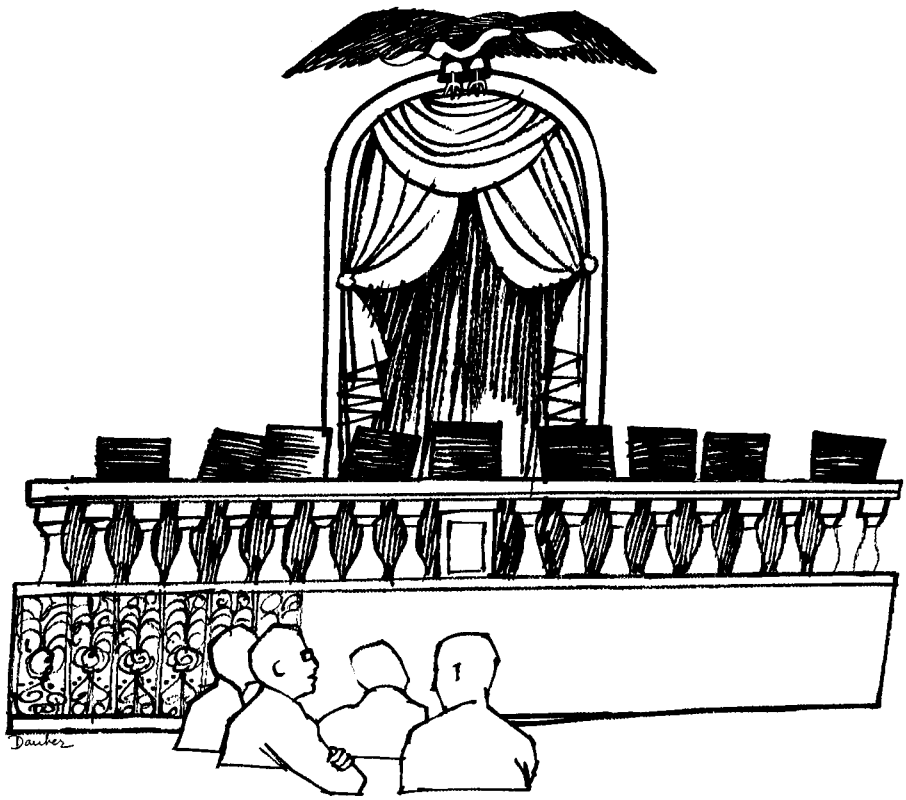

The Senior Senator Kennedy

MEG GREENFIELD

When Edward Moore Kennedy came to the Senate in 1963, the circumstances of his election in Massachusetts had all but determined the way he would behave. To people throughout the country—editorialists, academicians, and the hierarchs of the Senate itself—the candidacy of the President's recordless thirty-year-old brother had appeared an act of arrogance and greed, evidence of an ambition for power that was related to nothing more serious than its own fulfillment. Thus, Kennedy was at pains to dispel this prevailing conception of himself, and legislators who had been expecting the arrival of Penrod in their midst soon found that they had got Tom Brown instead. The new Senator deferred to rank and age. He pitched into the tedious work that lies behind the Senate's occasional roll-call votes. And above all, he set about building a record of solid if unglamorous achievement, based on the feeling —as one of his aides has put it— "that he had to do after election what other people had done to get elected."

Almost the exact reverse is true of Kennedy's brother Robert: in the view of many of those around him, the junior Senator from New York, by reason of his years spent close to the presidency, is overqualified for his job and more or less exempted from the protocol and procedures of the Senate. It is a view that is shared by Edward Kennedy, among others, who is quick to point out the superiority of his brother's background to his own. The same line of thought is also cultivated by Robert Kennedy's staff. A profusion of background stories has laid stress on the New York Senator's impatience with the legislative process, and he himself has made the point for the record. "They only take about one vote a week here," he told a reporter for *Harper's* recently, "and they never can tell you in advance when it is going to be so you can schedule other things. If I am not going to be working here, I want to go somewhere I can do something."

Most people, of course, believe they know where that is; and Robert Kennedy's tribulations are, in a way, endemic to all Senators who seri-

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ously aspire to higher office. The exigencies of campaigning—including, as they do, a constant need to comment and to take credit upon oneself—simply do not comport with the methods of gathering power in the Senate. At the end of the brothers' first two years together in Congress, however, it has also become plain that there are differences of temperament at play, not just differences of purpose. Edward Kennedy has long since ceased acting out a schoolboy's penance. His relish for the legislative way of life appears to be as genuine as his brother's irritation with it. And he has developed a style over the past four years that could be a good deal more relevant than that of his brother to the conditions that will prevail in the newly elected Ninetieth Congress.

Becoming an Old Boy

Naturally, the situation when Edward Kennedy first reached town, determined to be a model of selfless rectitude, was full of comic possibilities; and most of them were realized during his early days in office. Briefed and overbriefed, he marched the marble corridors of the Capitol, humbly paying his respects to the aging titans of the Senate. They were ready for him. Having duly cooled his heels in the waiting room of Richard Russell's office, Kennedy sought to establish a common bond with the Senator—and incidentally to reveal his knowledge of Russell's impressive past—by observing that they had both come to the Senate at an unusually early age. To which Russell replied merely, "Yes, but by then I had already been governor." When he made a timid above-and-beyond-the-call-of-duty appearance at Senator John Stennis's prayer breakfast, the mischievous assembly responded by inviting him to lead them in prayer. He did. He also passed a test of sorts with Chairman James O. Eastland of the Judiciary Committee on which he was to serve, courteously matching Eastland bourbon for bourbon in a midday visit that lasted for two hours, and from which he emerged—to the consternation of his staff—late for his other appointments and unaccountably gay.

Kennedy's relations with the White House were equally correct. President Kennedy was determined at the time not to be accused of granting him special favors. Earlier, it is true, when his campaign was in its first stages, the Senator persuaded the President personally to swear in a new customs collector named Peter Princi, for reasons connected with the opaque urgencies of Massachusetts politics. The President finally agreed, with the proviso that the ceremony be held in secret at Jacqueline Kennedy's family estate in Newport. But neither he nor the

Senator had reckoned with the understandable pride of Mr. Princi, who arrived at Hammersmith Farm with a full complement of relatives and political followers. Once the Senator got to Washington, the proprieties were strictly observed.

The ease of Kennedy's reactions to the mishaps of his apprenticeship—especially to the trials his colleagues put him through—rather quickly began to earn him their acceptance and good will. Since those days, of course, much else has happened to alter his status. There have been the ordeals of the President's death and the Senator's own prolonged disability following an air crash in Massachusetts. With the passage of time he has gained a new full term and also acquired a modest amount of seniority. Moreover, as a member of the Kennedy family, he is able to attract national attention in general and press coverage in particular whenever he desires to do so.

KENNEDY has, however, been slow to press his advantage—unsure and overcautious, in the view of some. One of the comments most frequently made by his colleagues, when they are asked about his senatorial ways, is that he won't "embarrass" anyone in a fight. Whether this is a virtue or a necessity or both is a subject of some dispute, since the Senator clearly lacks his brother's verbal sharpness. Still, those who hold it to be a characteristic of Kennedy's personality point to his extravagant courtesies during the fight he led to amend the administration's civil-rights bill in 1965 with a ban on the payment of poll tax as a precondition to voting. It was no secret that Kennedy had spent days under the tutelage of Paul Freund and others at the Harvard Law School or that, with the assistance of lawyers from Howard University in Washington, he had rehearsed the debate until he was prepared to meet every possible point that could be raised. He was, nonetheless, amiable and restrained when the Southerners—whose pride in their reputation as Constitutional lawyers often exceeds their mastery of the law—attacked him as a callow interloper. And even though the outcome was touch and go (he lost by four votes), Kennedy resisted every temptation to score points by humiliating Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who was charged with defending the bill against the Kennedy amendment. Mansfield, who is not himself a lawyer, was evidently out of his depth in the legal debate. "Teddy could have torn Mike's heart out," one of those who was advising him has remarked. "He wouldn't do it."

Variously, this side of Kennedy's nature is accounted a sign of weakness and of strength, but whatever its source, a similar restraint has

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marked his behavior generally in the Senate. The past two years have been particularly opportune ones for the relatively new members of that tradition-ridden body. The relaxation of internal discipline and the finishing up of much old business have combined to create unusual possibilities for younger Senators to move out front and to become identified with specific issues that have not been lying around for twenty years. Kennedy has been in an especially advantageous position so far as all this is concerned. With certain notable exceptions, such as Javits of New York and Douglas of Illinois, few members of the Senate have been able to assemble and maintain staffs skillful in the production of ideas. Rather, they are served, if at all, by the new collection of free-floating academic idea men and professional task-force members, to whom Kennedy has the easiest of access. His rapprochement with his Cambridge constituents has long been completed—indeed, Mark De Wolfe Howe, who led the professorial opposition to his candidacy in 1962, was one of those who worked most closely with him on the poll-tax amendment. He can enlist the aid of Doak Barnett and John Fairbank when he speaks on China; of Samuel Huntington, who served on the Pentagon's draft study group, when he wishes to take a position on that subject. But, once again, Kennedy has been measured and wary in converting these particular assets into Senate currency.

To be sure, Kennedy is not the only one with instant access: one effect of the intellectual interbreeding among those who serve him, his brother, and the White House, among others, has been to increase the confusion as to who first thought of what, and to multiply the charges of legislative piracy that have always been traded on Capitol Hill. On the whole, Kennedy has kept out of the fray. There has been a certain amount of competitiveness between his office and others (including that of Robert Kennedy), but he has been rather rigid in sticking to subjects for which he has some senatorial prerogative for action—committee membership, constituency interest, or a proved record of prior concern. It is here that the contrast is sharpest between his objectives and his brother's, and the effect each has on the Senate itself. For Robert Kennedy has not only felt free to speak out on all subjects, but his most notable efforts—whether on foreign aid, automobile safety, or the administration program in the cities—have been in the nature of sudden, isolated attacks which either cannot be followed by action or simply are not. Indeed, when the sporting competition between the two brothers' offices runs high, Edward Kennedy buffs like to point out the difference between the original splash and final disposition of Robert and Edward Kennedy's amendments to this year's anti-poverty bill. The Massachusetts Senator, they note, added around $125 million worth of amendments in committee and saw almost half of his program through the tortuous route to final acceptance by both houses and appropriation of funds. Nonetheless, Robert Kennedy, who was ultimately responsible with Senator Javits for a $25-million program, remains better known to the public as the sponsor of $350 million worth of amendments, most of which simply sank from sight. What resentment this sort of thing provokes among Robert Kennedy's colleagues tends to be exacerbated by an overeager staff that has regularly interpreted his least achievement to the press as a coup, a personal triumph over the system.

By contrast, Edward Kennedy seems excessively hesitant to push a claim for credit, even when it is a sound one. The Teacher Corps is an example. The putative antecedents of that effort to bring good teaching to substandard city schools include the Cardozo experiment in Washington and the Prince Edward County experiment in Virginia. Its putative parents include Edward Kennedy, Gaylord Nelson, William vanden Heuvel, J. K. Galbraith, and the Johnson administration. Still, there is little question that Kennedy was the chief legislative mover behind the measure and that, despite a brief spell of annoyance, he yielded when administration support turned into something more like expropriation of it. Similiarly, Kennedy, who had labored extensively in his Judiciary subcommittee on Vietnamese refugee problems, was quickly responsive to the anxieties of the Foreign Relations Committee last spring, making plain that he had no intention of poaching on Fulbright territory. When Kennedy's staff, which had taken over the backstairs effort to get the gun-control bill through committee last summer, suggested that Kennedy move to the forefront on the issue, since the bill's sponsor, Thomas J. Dodd, was more or less immobilized by other troubles, Kennedy—again—declined.

The Ninth Born

Just as those friendly if somewhat embarrassing students of Kennedy family life often attribute Robert Kennedy's combativeness to his place in the sequence of children, so it is equally often argued that Edward Kennedy shows all the attributes in public life of the "ninth child": deference to his elders, based in equal parts on a respect for their accomplishments and an instinct for self-preservation. Whatever the merits of this analysis, it is certainly true that Kennedy—who is known in the parlance of the Senate as a "team player"—has demonstrated a propensity for relating himself to the purposes of others and for working comfortably within the framework of established institutions. On the campaign trail this autumn, he concentrated on prolonged panegyrics to the candidates he had come to help and with whom his office had invariably been in prior consultation with a view to finding out what would be most useful to say. This, along with other techniques of serving the candidate's interest, as distinct from his own, was one contrast with his brother's campaign operation of which Kennedy's political advisers were particularly proud. Having delivered hundreds of campaign addresses himself, he could casually remark at an airport one day that he considered Vice President Hubert Humphrey's tub-thumper on behalf of Paul Douglas "the best speech of this campaign." And, whether or not it proceeds from the "ninth child" syndrome, he appears to have some authentic feeling for what others have paid into his present good fortune. In the course of

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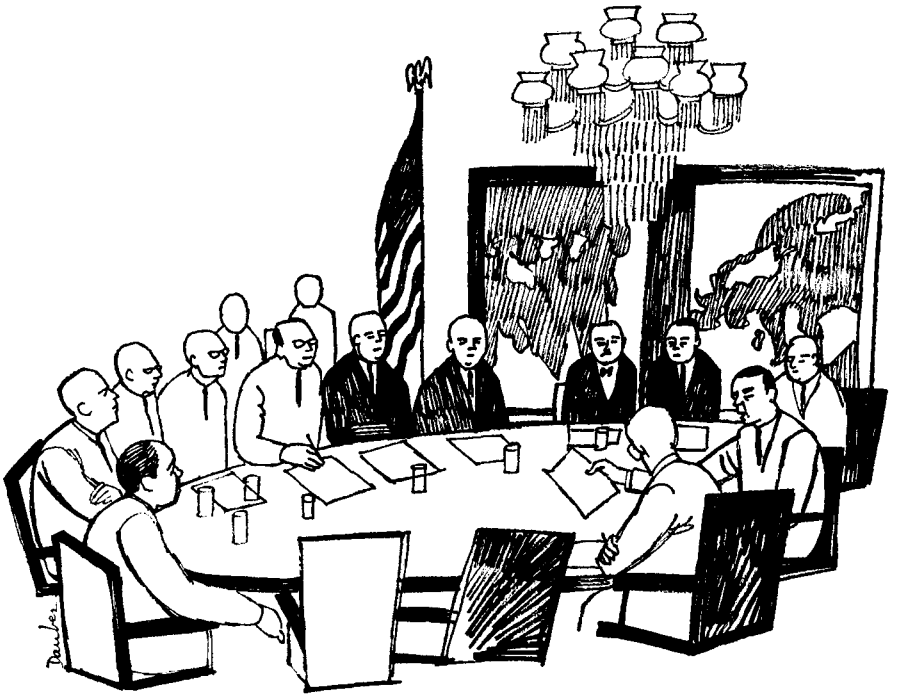
introducing the 1965 immigration bill, which he managed for the administration, Kennedy invoked the memory of the late Herbert Lehman ("who introduced the first bill to repeal the national origins quota system"), paid tribute to Hubert Humphrey ("who cosponsored such a bill in each Congress"), and acknowledged the efforts of those of their colleagues "who joined with them, year after year, to make this fight." Robert Kennedy, on the other hand, laboring under an altogether different set of pressures and obligations, read history another way: "Mr. President, it gives me great pleasure to voice today my support of the immigration bill, H. R. 2580. The central principle of this bill —the repeal of the national origins system—was first incorporated in a bill drafted in the Department of Justice while I was Attorney General."



Exchanging Courtesies

Needless to say, the approach of the Massachusetts Senator has been preferred by his prickly elders in the Senate, and it has not been without its rewards. Since their first vaporous exchange of views, for instance, Kennedy and Eastland have maintained a mutually useful and friendly relationship. Although Eastland has lost control of his committee so far as a numerical majority goes, Judiciary is hedged about with its own peculiar set of rules, which permit endless delay and obstruction by the chairman. Kennedy has been quite skillful in at once pleasing and contesting the chairman, overcoming his opposition without creating a permanent residue of ill will or a need for Eastland to retaliate. When, on occasion, Eastland denounces him as a fomenter of racial violence and a veritable menace to the Republic, Kennedy lets it pass, knowing both the Southerner's need to make his remarks for the record and their profound irrelevance to what goes on in committee.

Eastland, for instance, in an unprecedented bit of graciousness, permitted Kennedy to take over his own subcommittee for the period of time required to hold friendly hearings on the immigration bill, which Eastland fervently opposed. Kennedy thus became Senate manager of the bill, which he shepherded through committee and the floor with scrupulous tact, at all times willing to indulge the Southern Senators' fulminations against it—so long as they would leave it alone. As a result, the Southerners conspicuously failed to try to amend it during the four days it was on the floor.

Again, Eastland acquiesced in Kennedy's request that he be permitted to attend and participate in a hearing of the Internal Security subcommittee (on which he does not serve), with the avowed aim of doing in a piece of the chairman's own legislation—a barely noticed bill that would have attached a criminal penalty to violation of State Department travel regulations. In addition to getting an opposition view on record in committee, Kennedy and his staff cranked up the appropriate private organizations to complain, held meetings with the concerned officials at State, and ended up with a Mexican standoff: nothing came out of the full committee.

Two ever-present and somehow incongruous elements of Kennedy's developing style were apparent in both episodes: an undisguised enjoyment of the Senate's offstage political wheeling and dealing, and an all but obsessive conscientiousness about "doing his homework." Invariably he has more answers at the ready than there turn out to be questions. At his insistence, his staff holds available a memorandum on every bill—be it ever so inconsequential—that is likely to reach the floor. They are also under standing instructions to keep themselves and him informed of the twists and turns his legislation takes in the House, whether the appropriators are of a mind to starve one of his projects, and/or what the administration is up to with a bill that has already become law. When a measure of his is in trouble, he will make the phone calls and pay the visits himself, exploring the best terms he can get. If the administration can't be prevailed upon to support a bill, can it at least be dissuaded from issuing an unfavorable report? If the amendment is unacceptable in its present form, would this language or that solve the problem?

The results of all this have received mixed reviews. Kennedy's critics on the Hill, especially those youthful Senators and their staffs who adhere to a sort of liberalism à Go Go, contend that he is a plodder and one who too readily avoids a scrap, preferring to settle out of court. His partisans respond with evidence of things he has thereby made to happen in education, health, civil rights, the poverty

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program, refugee affairs, and—often of equal importance in their opinion—of things he has prevented from taking place. "What usually happens when a bill is introduced?" one Kennedy assistant inquired rhetorically not long ago when the subject came up. "Nothing. Right? Absolutely nothing. Yes, we settle for what we can get, but we *get something.*"

THE QUESTION most often arises these days in regard to Kennedy's complex and many-layered relations with the Johnson administration, which, though infinitely more relaxed than those of his brother, are known to be under progressive strain. By and large, he has exercised his senatorial watchdog function in characteristic fashion: discreetly and with caution. True, he rattled a few windows at the Department of Labor last spring with respect to obstacles being put in the way of would-be immigrants under Labor's interpretation of the new law. And there have been one or two episodes of aggrievedness on the part of the White House when Kennedy broke news to which it considered itself to have first call. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, however, he is looked upon as a man with a distinct disinclination to tangle publicly with the Executive branch no matter how vulnerable it might be.

Kennedy's misgivings about specific aspects of the operation in Vietnam, for example, have been forcefully expressed in private to members of the administration but muted in public ("I consider myself a strong supporter of the basic administration policies in Vietnam"). After a trip to Vietnam, prodigious study, and Senate hearings on the subject, he brought forth a series of proposals for relieving the chaos of the U.S. refugee program there. But he failed to take advantage of the political mileage to be had. His effort took the form of quiet consultation with Secretary Rusk, Ambassador Goldberg, and others. And despite contrary advice, he refused to take out after the Agency for International Development in the article he did for *Look* on the whole program. It was conspicuously less critical of AID, in fact, than was the General Accounting Office's own printed document on the refugee program in Vietnam.

Kennedy argued at the time that "blowing up" the issue would do little to cure the trouble, and his approach was similar when the somewhat juicier question of the overseas surveillance of Professor H. Stuart Hughes came his way. Once again there were private meetings —this time with Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and the State Department's legal adviser, Leonard Meeker. A list of those traveling Americans being tailed on FBI recommendation was demanded and produced. Reportedly, its contents were incredible, but they were never publicly divulged. Instead, a reformation of procedures was worked out between Kennedy and the relevant agencies. The fact that such a list was made available without delay or hocus-pocus owed as much to Kennedy's reputation within the administration as it did to his Congressional credentials. When one of the President's special assistants was asked recently where the Senator fitted into the picture of ever-mounting tension between Johnson and Robert Kennedy, he replied: "Well, it's been different, the relationship. Not as tight. We've felt freer being frank with him, telling him what the problem was on something without worrying what he would do with it." Over the past year, however, there has been a perceptible diminution of confidence on both sides.

Tests of Strength

One curious effect of all the pondering on the future of the Kennedys has been to revive that ancient mouthful "primogeniture" as a staple of current journalese. Despite their willingness to compete at a certain level of activity, it seems assured that Edward Kennedy yields wholly to his brother's ambitions and supports them enthusiastically. The question is the extent to which these sentiments may rearrange his own mode of behavior and affect the development of his views. When he came upon the scene in 1962, Kennedy's candidacy seemed to have no personal impetus other than a pressing sense of entitlement, and no focus other than success in internal family terms. In four years' time, however, he has acquired the beginnings of a political identity of his own.

Occasionally, it is suggested that such differences of position as exist between the two brothers proceed from nothing more interesting than the different constituencies they represent. Edward Kennedy, it is true, has tended to involve himself in certain issues that are of particular interest in New England, and it is also true that his political strength rests on a more conservative popular base than his brother's. Still, the theory leaves much out of account. Massachusetts, for example, has a minuscule Negro population and a potent white protest movement against the state's efforts to deal with such de facto segregation as exists. But Kennedy became the stubborn sponsor of a doomed racial-imbalance bill last winter, and went farther out on that issue than any of his colleagues.

Nor is it at all certain that Kennedy's disposition to stay near the administration on Vietnam derives from the inclinations of his constituents. In what was generally regarded a triumph of patching over differences last winter, Kennedy went on *Meet the Press* subsequent to his brother's statement on Vietnam with an extraordinary result: the New York *Times* headlined that he had upheld Lyndon Johnson, while the Washington *Post* disclosed that he had, on the contrary, upheld Robert Kennedy. Whether he is issuing a prepared statement of his own, as he did early in the spring, or tangling on the administration's behalf with student demonstrators, as he did in Madison, Wisconsin, this autumn, it is evident that Kennedy's approach is substantially different from that of his brother. Publicly, however, they do not acknowledge their divergence, and one of their common advisers has defined the situation this way: "There is a difference there—that's true. But whatever Bobby says tends to become the 'Kennedy position' in the public mind."

When Edward McCormack observed, during a televised debate with Kennedy in 1962, that "If his name was Edward Moore," Kennedy's candidacy "would be a joke," he could hardly have foreseen the rather ironical turn events would take. Even as Kennedy profited de-

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cisively from his family name and connections at the time, so they have introduced new restraints on his behavior now and a variety of special cross-pressures. Generally, it is conceded, for instance, that the administration would not have fought so urgently and so hard to defeat the poll-tax amendment in 1965 had it not come to be construed as a Kennedy-Johnson test of strength. A similar situation evolved this summer in the clash between Congress and the White House over the settlement of the airlines strike. And Kennedy's single Senate adventure in catastrophe, the attempt to secure confirmation of Francis X. Morrissey to the Federal bench, began as an effort to fulfill a family obligation and came to grief largely because the Republicans in the Senate and the press around the country saw the particular beauty of the issue—the Kennedys' bringing out the full panoply of pressure for the appointment of a judge who was even less well qualified than other questionable nominees the Senate had confirmed.

"It was not a glorious chapter," Kennedy admits, but he and his friends and staff stoutly deny that the prolonged battle did permanent harm to his relationships within the Senate, or—as some believe—that he has never quite recovered the confidence he was gaining in himself. Doubtless the Morrissey scandal will continue to fade. What will come into view is not so clear. Kennedy could, in the next session, put his senatorial talents to special use as a bargainer, a mediator, a source of pressure on the contenders in the new and politically reconstructed Congress. Alternatively, the promise of his Congressional career could be caught in the vise of Lyndon Johnson's and Robert Kennedy's mutual suspicion and ongoing feud. Without his awesome array of privileges, Kennedy doubtless could not have reached the Senate when he did, and he continues to enjoy political and financial advantages that are unavailable to his colleagues. But there are also inhibitions on his ability to maintain a separate political identity. There would be more time, fewer pressures, and surely greater freedom to maneuver and to move if his name were Edward Moore.

For the Record

DOUGLASS CATER

FOUR YEARS AGO, a well-known historian then working in the White House gave a speech aiming rather sharp criticisms at those of us on the outside who reported the affairs of government. From his special vantage point, he sadly concluded that to future historians, our newspaper and magazine articles would be "sometimes worse than useless." "Their relationship to reality," he charged, "is often less than the shadows in Plato's cave."

This commentary was called to mind not long ago when Arthur Schlesinger himself wrote a magazine article and asserted as historical fact that the first thousand days of the Johnson administration "have produced only two significant new policy ideas—the rent subsidy and the demonstration city." He came forth with the dismal conclusion that President Johnson has "smothered the conditions which made innovation possible."

I fear that Schlesinger, too, has become victim of the shadows in Plato's cave. In the interest of future historians, whose minds may not be so firmly made up, there is reason to consider this business of innovation. But one thing needs to be made clear: the "thousand days" reference should not be the basis for comparison with the indelible mark that John F. Kennedy left on the nation and history during his tragically brief presidency. History will have ample place for both Presidents.

IN VOLUME alone, the achievements of the last three years warrant a closer examination of the record. In the areas of my own special interest, nineteen major education measures were submitted to Congress and enacted during those thousand days—not only enacted but supported with twice the appropriations voted for education by all previous Congresses combined. In the same period twenty-six health measures were enacted, and Congress

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allocated more dollars to health than it had during the entire 168 years since the Public Health Service was founded.

But no one would claim that legislative statistics alone are a satisfactory measure of innovation. It is necessary to look within the laws to decide whether they represent "significant new policy ideas."

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which Congress passed last year after three decades of frustrating failure to act, was no warmed-over version of earlier proposals. Each title of the act embodies new proposals grown out of the deliberations of a task force drawn from the nation's leading educators.

Title I, containing the formula for assistance to the educationally handicapped, not only breaks through past political barriers to school aid but also meets the highest priority need as defined by the task force—the education of the neglected children who live in poverty. Even greater innovations lie elsewhere in the act. Title III, by its support of supplementary services and centers in the community for injecting new ideas into the educational system, inspires an effort for not just more schooling but for better schooling. Title IV creates regional education laboratories, based in leading universities, which will serve as seedbeds for new curricula, new textbooks and teaching techniques, and new ways of stimulating the ferment of learning.

By any reasonable standards, each of these titles constitutes a significant new policy idea. So does Title I in the Higher Education Act of 1966, which encourages the university to direct its resources to the needs of America's communities (even as the agricultural extension legislation of a century ago faced the university toward rural America). So does Title III, which strengthens our less developed colleges by supporting partnership arrangements with stronger universities. So do Head Start, VISTA, and Upward Bound—all new educational initiatives. All resulted from creative exchange between leaders in the educational world and a President who has been receptive to fresh thinking about old problems.

This same creative activity has gone on in the health field. Medicare for the aged, of course, has been debated since Truman's time. But little note has been taken of the fact that these same Social Security amendments of 1965 also contain a major advance in shaping new patterns of child-health care.

New Approach on Health

In the search for ways to combat the major killer diseases, less than a year elapsed between idea and act—between the recommendations issued by the presidential commission headed by Dr. Michael E. De Bakey and the legislative launching of a vital new program for heart disease, cancer, and stroke. It initiates a fundamental new approach to the delivery of health services. Rather than simply subsidizing more research or more training or more traditional health care, it is launching regional medical programs that join the leaders in research with those who teach and those who diagnose and treat. University medical centers will be directly linked to treatment stations in the local hospitals. Such teamwork can cut the time it has taken to bring the modern miracles of medical discovery to the benefit of patients who need help.

It is impossible to catalogue here the entire list of significant new policy ideas. But I must mention— in addition to model cities and rent supplements, cited by Schlesinger—the International Education Act, the Arts and Humanities Foundation, the Acts for Air and Water Pollution Control and Solid Waste Disposal, the Clean Rivers Act, and the Urban Mass Transit Act. Behind each one, there are three common characteristics revealing a strong spirit of innovation:

First, each emerged from the vigorous labor of a task force appointed by the President and employing a wide range of talent in and outside the government. These task forces, working in a confidential relationship, have proved to be a remarkably effective way to bring ideas directly to the White House.

Second, each of these initiatives is aimed at goals—of health, education, clean air and water, less congested cities, and less contaminated countrysides—that cannot be measured by the traditional economic yardsticks used for government programs. The President has spurred an effort to define such goals—in human rather than dollar terms—and to develop new yardsticks for measuring progress toward them. This is no small order. But it could constitute one of the most important innovations in government since the Employment Act of 1946 pioneered the way to modern economic indicators.

Third, each of these initiatives goes beyond simply doling out Federal dollars to deal with public problems. Each of them attempts to build new institutions capable of coping with these problems. The neighborhood health center, the regional heart, cancer, and stroke plan, the river-basin authority to control pollution—these and other such arrangements seek to combine the appropriate roles of Federal, state, and local government, and of public and private enterprise. Institution building is a hard and sometimes thankless task. It takes long and careful planning to devise the authority to cut across fiercely held jurisdictions in dealing with problems that no longer respect the old boundary lines.

Solutions will not be hastened by counsels of despair. In a recent

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column, James Reston, totting up the achievements of the last two years, concluded mournfully that the President "has an administrative monstrosity on his hands."

Reston ignores very real efforts to meet organizational problems even in a period of rapid innovation. The two new departments—of Transportation and of Housing and Urban Development—represent major beginnings in pulling together areas once rife with rivalry and disorder. The highly fragmented fiefdom of Health, Education and Welfare has been the object of strongly led efforts at better organization, starting with the Office of Education and the Public Health Service. During a recent visit to Texas, Secretary John W. Gardner reviewed with President Johnson further organizational plans to be proposed to the new Congress.

Throughout the government, the Budget Bureau has worked this past year with department heads to institute the "Programming, Planning, Budgeting System" already in effect in the Pentagon. As PPBS starts to take hold, it will provide a more meaningful way to compare costs and benefits and to co-ordinate the work of government.

Some critics, not including Reston, propose the easy alternative of turning funds en bloc over to the states and letting them deal with administrative headaches, presupposing an organizational genius on the state level that is lacking in Washington. A more promising avenue is opened up by the Comprehensive Health Planning Amendments passed by the Congress this year. Funds are provided for each state to plan the integration of its widely scattered services into a program for better serving the health needs of its citizens. As the state plan develops, the Federal government intends to replace the categorical grants it now makes with "comprehensive" health grants. Moving in this same direction, Title V of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act provides grants to state education agencies to strengthen staff and improve their planning capacity.

Undoubtedly there is further room for consolidating Federal programs. But it is well to remember that they represent priorities of public need that were hard fought in Congress. I doubt that there will be strong popular sentiment to abandon them in favor of bloc grants.

Much criticism nowadays is couched in cosmic terms. The old ideologist has passed from the scene. (Few argue any more that socialism is *the* answer to all our social needs.) But a good many critics still deal in apocalyptic visions, painting broad-brush portraits of the disasters confronting America before they go on to prescribe vague remedies.

How to claim the proper priority for a public need? How to recruit and train the skilled manpower? How to build the institutional arrangements that can carry a program

beyond the enthusiasm of its beginnings? How to stimulate healthy growth and correct inevitable shortcomings? These are the questions for those who would be social innovators. These are the problems that yield only to hard work and tough-minded imagination. Otherwise, a full-employment economy may not supply the services to meet a social need even when it is willing to spend the dollars.

This is the area of silence today in the discussions among not only the critics but also the commentators. To read much of the public commentary is to remain ignorant of challenges that excite those who work in Washington and those who contribute their labors from afar.

As a former journalist, I recognize the governing rules of the trade: good news or constructive news is really dull news. But as one now vitally concerned with innovation and institution building, I am dismayed by the way these subjects are neglected.

Medicare's 'Failure'

Let me cite one example. On November 1, Medicare had been in effect for four months. In that brief time, two million older Americans had received hospital treatment; over half a billion dollars had been paid out for hospital and medical bills. Ninety-eight per cent of the general-hospital beds in the country are participating in the program. It has inspired a nationwide effort to improve hospital standards and to eliminate segregation in hospital services. The vast majority of doctors have collaborated to make Medicare work.

Yet despite earlier press predictions of the congestion and chaos Medicare would bring, the fulfillment of this promise for older Americans has stirred vast apathy among the news media of America. On the night before the Congressional elections last month, one of the television networks devoted five minutes of prime time to a twelve-bed hospital in Calloway, Nebraska, which had a grievance against Medicare. The viewer was left with the impression of bureaucratic bungling and governmental red tape. No opportunity was given to HEW or Nebraska officials to reply. The facts are that the Nebraska Health Department had determined that the Calloway Hospital did not meet minimum Medicare standards. The hospital had made no effort to qualify and ignored offers of assistance.

There you have it: a ninety-eight per cent success story is no story. A twelve-bed failure becomes an exposé.

Even if we don't celebrate our successes in government, we ought to understand them and build on them. The twenty-first century is already breathing down our neck. Each day brings new challenges of organization, of innovation, and of institution building.

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The Small, Hard War In the Delta

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

"DIGGING," the French briefing officer in Hanoi habitually answered when asked what the Vietminh were doing at Dien Bien Phu during the lulls between the brief, bitter, and bloody main assaults. It was an appropriate answer. By the time the battle ended in 1954, the Vietminh trenches had spread from the hills, across the plains under the French wire, and into the last of their strongholds.

Much of the Vietcong's almost unbelievably extensive digging has been underground and out of sight. Toward the middle of this year, however, the North Vietnamese began surface digging in the six-mile-wide demilitarized zone along the 17th parallel. By October they had burrowed for miles. There were long communications trenches leading to artillery positions and smaller trench systems with machine-gun emplacements. Trails just wide enough for a man or a bicycle grew overnight to accommodate jeeps or small trucks, and out of the North came troops to fill the newly created positions. Not only was the digging reminiscent of Dien Bien Phu; there also was evidence that it reflected Dien Bien Phu thinking, that from this firm base several divisions intended to strike south for what certainly would have been the major battle of the Vietnam war.

Late in October I had dinner in Saigon with six well-informed Allied staff officers. Five of them predicted that the Vietcong and North Vietnamese forces would launch a major fall offensive, perhaps to coincide with the midterm elections in the United States, and that, though certain to fail, it would meet with enough initial success to cause consternation in Washington and elsewhere. The sixth officer did not disagree that an offensive was planned; he simply did not believe that it could reach the jumping-off stage. A day or two later a senior officer ran through the numerous indicators that an enemy offensive was in the making: up to five North Vietnamese divisions were in the general tactical area along the 17th parallel; forward supply dumps had been captured and destroyed by the U.S. Marines during Operations Hastings and Prairie; reconnaissance patrols continued to make contact; air and other intelligence confirmed that the Northerners were continuing to reinforce and resupply; and, in the High Plateau and in Zones C and D, west-northwest of Saigon, Vietcong preparations for diversionary actions were under way. As for counter-indicators—anything that might suggest the offensive had been abandoned—the officer held up his thumb and forefinger to form a zero.

Marines Move In

On the ground, the evidence was even more convincing. Not long after the bombing of North Vietnam began early in 1965, Hanoi advanced the argument that this had dissolved all boundaries and thereafter began to pay increasing attention to the narrow neck of central Vietnam that used to join Tonkin to the southernmost state of Cochin China. At this point, the distance from the Laotian border to the South China Sea is only forty-five miles. About half of it is a rolling coastal plain where rice fields are interspersed with plantations of corn and bananas. Inland, there are dense tropical rain forests, steep and high mountains, elephants, baboons, tigers, and very few people.

Before the U.S. Marines established their headquarters for Task Force Delta under the command of Brigadier General Lowell E. English at Dong Ha, about nine miles south of the demilitarized zone and in the center of the coastal plain, the South Vietnamese 1st Division had tactical responsibility for the area. It engaged in what one adviser described as "search and evade" operations. When the American advance guard of sixty-five airmen arrived at Dong Ha and put up their tents, one company from the 1st Division was assigned to protect them. Not long after the Americans' arrival, a company of armed and uniformed North Vietnamese troops walked down the runway less than a quarter of a mile from the camp. "Of course we're not going to fight them," the South Vietnamese company commander replied to one American inquiry. "Do you want us all to be killed?"

North of Dong Ha the Vietcong now began to build their own forti-

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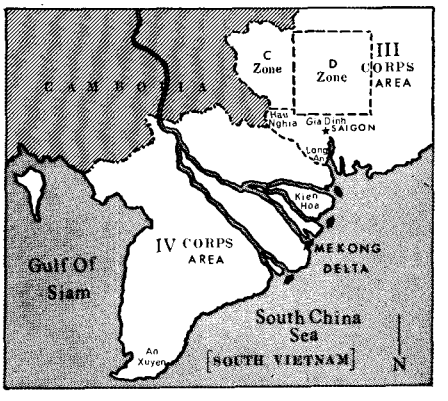
fied villages, with concrete bunkers and trench systems extending back into the demilitarized zone. They were even busier to the west. Beyond the coastal lowlands, the rain forests of the Annamite Chain begin deceptively. The foothills give little hint of the rugged and seemingly impenetrable jungle that guards the approaches to the Laotian border and the western sector of the demilitarized zone. Until the Marines were deployed from Dong Ha, the only challenge to the Vietcong here was the Special Forces' camp at Khe Sanh, which is about seventeen miles south of the demilitarized zone and about five miles from the Laotian border on the road leading to Tchepone, the main staging point on the Ho Chi Minh trail.

THE MARINES did not come initially in an effort to hold ground but to engage the 324B Division of the North Vietnamese Army, which forded the Ben Hai River in the demilitarized zone in April, May, and June and then infiltrated into South Vietnam. However, the heavy and bloody battles with the 324B took the Marines progressively westward, deeper into the mountains, and finally put them in the role of keeper of the pass. Every mile of the way was notable not only for the high number of casualties inflicted on the 324B but also for further revelations about the enemy's plans and intentions.

Fighting beyond the Rockpile, a commanding feature that rises about 800 feet in lonely splendor and controls the five main valleys leading from the north into the central areas of the province, the Marines found themselves entering country where the razorback ridgelines run twice the height of the Rockpile and the main feature reaches 5,700 feet. They also found a two-hundred-bed hospital, 225,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition, 20,000 rounds of 12.7-millimeter anti-aircraft ammunition, and a cave and tunnel system running deep into the mountains. Some of these man-made caves were sixty feet long and forty feet wide, with seventeen-foot ceilings. And all of this in terrain so heavily thicketed that the smoke from a signal grenade could not penetrate the jungle cover and the Marines had to use radios for communication at distances of less than twenty yards.

The North Vietnamese troops who barred their path were well equipped, well trained, and well groomed. Their command post had telephone lines and a sophisticated communications system. Since the North Vietnamese were carrying anti-tank mines and were accompanied by engineers, the Marines' conclusion that they were headed for the coastal plain is not easy to dispute. The extent and nature of the permanent installations surprised the Marines even more. They took Hill 428, for instance, only after battering it to pieces with air and artillery fire. Though the trees on the mountain looked like toothpicks, enemy troops were still holed up in the tunnels and caves. "We'd blow smoke in one hole and the whole mountain would light up," said a Marine. One



750-pound bomb dropped by a B-52 failed to explode. The Marine engineers detonated it, hoping to destroy a concrete bunker nearby. But the bunker remained intact.

Past the Attack Stage

Lacking enough troops to hold the ground they had won and to continue search-and-destroy operations elsewhere in the area, the Marines prepared helicopter pads for a possible return and then withdrew. The northeast monsoons arrived, enveloping the mountains and flooding the fields with up to fifteen inches of rain in one day. Yet, though fighting flared up briefly in mid-November and there were weighty attacks by main-force North Vietnamese units of division strength in Tay Ninh Province, the fall offensive did not materialize.

The explanation is that the war, in its purely conventional phase, has passed beyond the point where a successful Vietcong-North Vietnamese multidivisional offensive is feasible. By conservative estimate, the Marines must have inflicted at least six thousand casualties on the 324B Division during the summer battles. As the Northerners have discovered to their immense cost, the support firepower now available to the Marines and other U.S. units has stripped them of their initiative.

The cruiser *St. Paul,* on permanent duty offshore, can provide artillery support for almost all the coastal lowlands in Quang Tri Province, including Route 1, the old Mandarin Road, along which the Northern infiltrators used to travel with impunity. Land-based artillery takes over where the cruiser leaves off. South of the Rockpile, the Marines' artillery platform spoke at the beginning of November with the massive authority of twelve 175-millimeter guns, eighteen 155s, fifty-five 105s, and enough ammunition to drench every infiltration ridge and valley almost to the Laotian border.

B-52s, unheard and unseen, bomb through the monsoon cover. I saw one picture of a North Vietnamese battalion after it had been caught in the open by B-52s. The results were horrifying. Nor are the B-52s the only all-weather air support now available. Infrared photoreconnaissance and radar bombings have deprived the Communist forces of the wet-weather advantages that once seemed to be theirs.

All of this is, of course, an immense advance. A year ago, the U.S. military vanguard pouring across the beaches at Cam Ranh and Da Nang brought to an abrupt end the Vietcong's justifiable expectation that they would win the war. But thereafter progress often seemed to be agonizingly slow. When the southwest monsoon began last May, the situation was at best a military standoff. Today the claim that an American force can go anywhere in South Vietnam is demonstrably correct. Sometimes the cost is high, as in the 1st Division's incursion into Zone C in November, but inevitably the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese come off second best.

With the rate of reinforcement from North Vietnam back up to the

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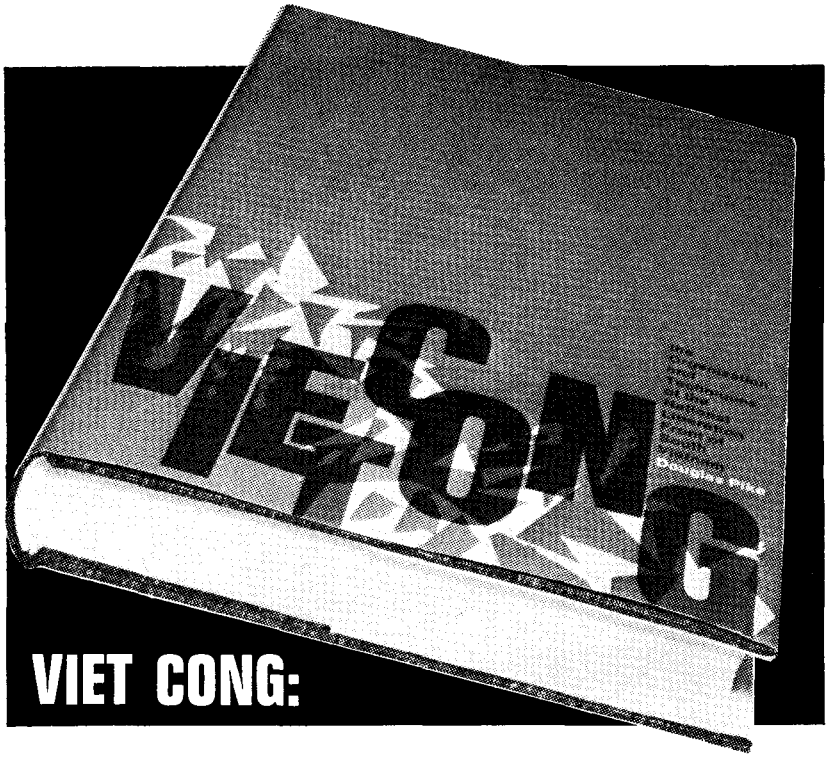

VIET CONG:

The Organization and Techniques of
the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam
by DOUGLAS PIKE

THIS IS THE ONLY LIFE-SIZED REPORT ON THE VIET CONG -- based on first-hand, on-the-spot sources -- bringing into the open its makeup, nature, purpose -- answering the questions of who, what, why:

Who are the Viet Cong?
Pike: The original hard-core was recruited from nearly every sector of Vietnamese "action-thinking" (political life).

What are their organizational techniques?
Pike: Internal operations are highly sophisticated, enormously bureaucratic.

Why do they remain so effective against such odds?
Pike: Ideological fanaticism plays only a supporting role to methodological expertise.

The Viet Cong are elusive not only in the jungles but also in their shifting shadow play of "projecting an image" on world opinion. And words are noisier than guns in this kind of war. *Viet Cong* is aimed at the misconceptions, the clichés, the disembodied, elusive, evasive claims and counterclaims regarding this apparent enemy — or mask of an enemy.

"American resolution" *is* crucial — Americans must resolve the Viet Cong into its components of myth and reality, bringing them into the clearest possible focus. For when — or if — negotiations come, American public understanding and opinion will be a definitive factor in arriving at an acceptable settlement. And *Viet Cong* defines — as does no other objective source available to the public — the *factual* grounds of understanding.

". . . likely to stand as the definitive study of the Viet Cong. . . . the main value of Mr. Pike's book is that it opens to us the very archives of the enemy, organizes them in a meaningful way, and thus gives us a more detailed and accurate portrait of him than we have ever had before. One suspects that even the rank-and-file of the Viet Cong could learn a good deal about their own organization from reading Mr. Pike, particularly since it is not free with information about itself."
— Malcolm W. Browne, *Book Week*

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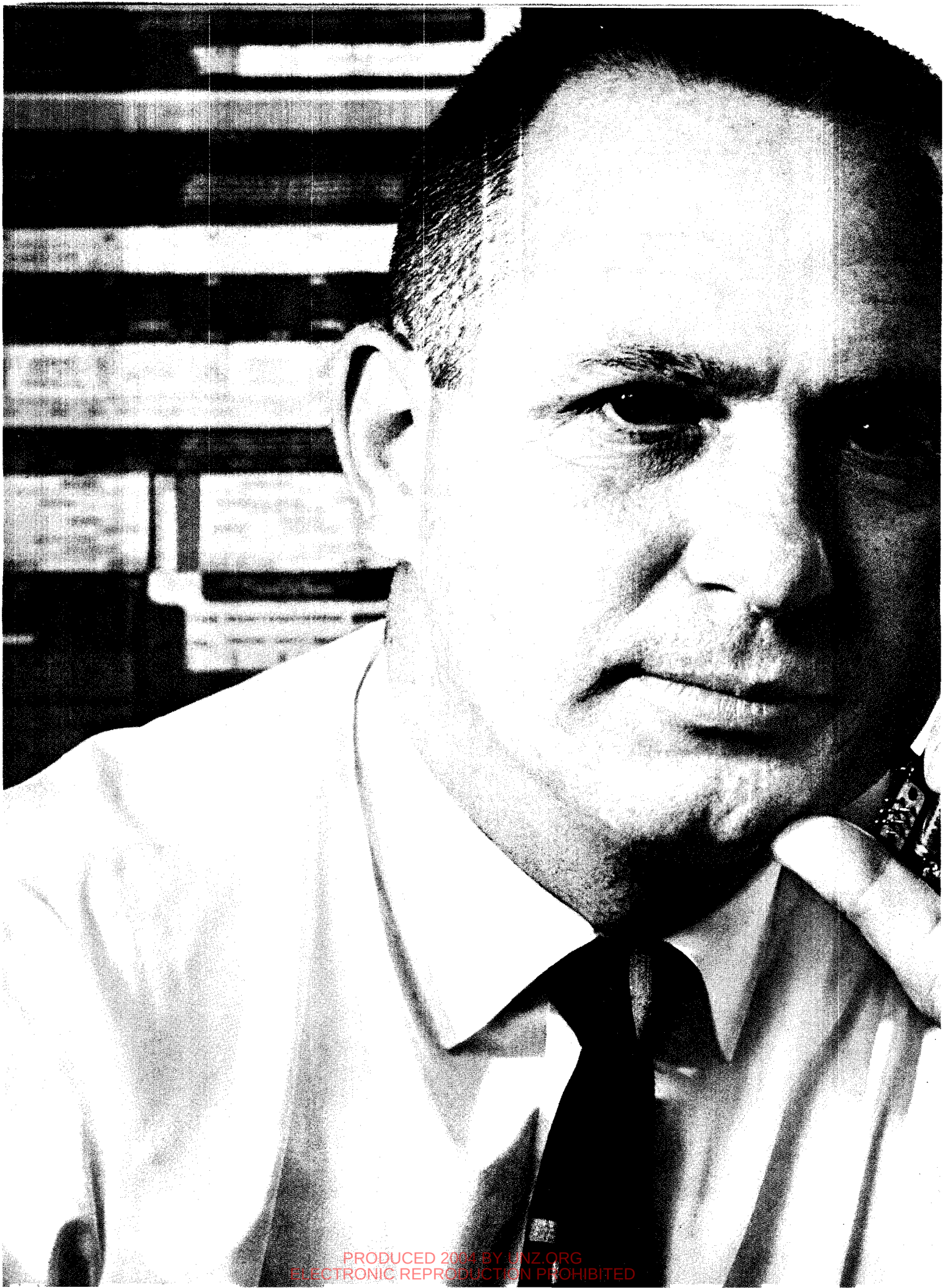

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This engineer is developing a way to send talk down a pipeline of light.

What's he doing at IBM?

The usual channels of long-distance communication, namely, wires, radio and microwave, aren't looking so roomy these days.

At the rate we are transmitting talk, pictures, and information between our cities and into space we may one day need new means of communicating.

One new means appears to be the laser.

A laser beam, in theory, can transmit more information than all the radio channels currently in use.

The engineer in our picture is one of IBM's team which is inventing ways to get information on the beam at one end and off at the other.

IBM's interest in the laser grows out of its interest in anything that makes information more useful for people.

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It all comes under the heading of making information easier to get, which is step one in making it more useful.

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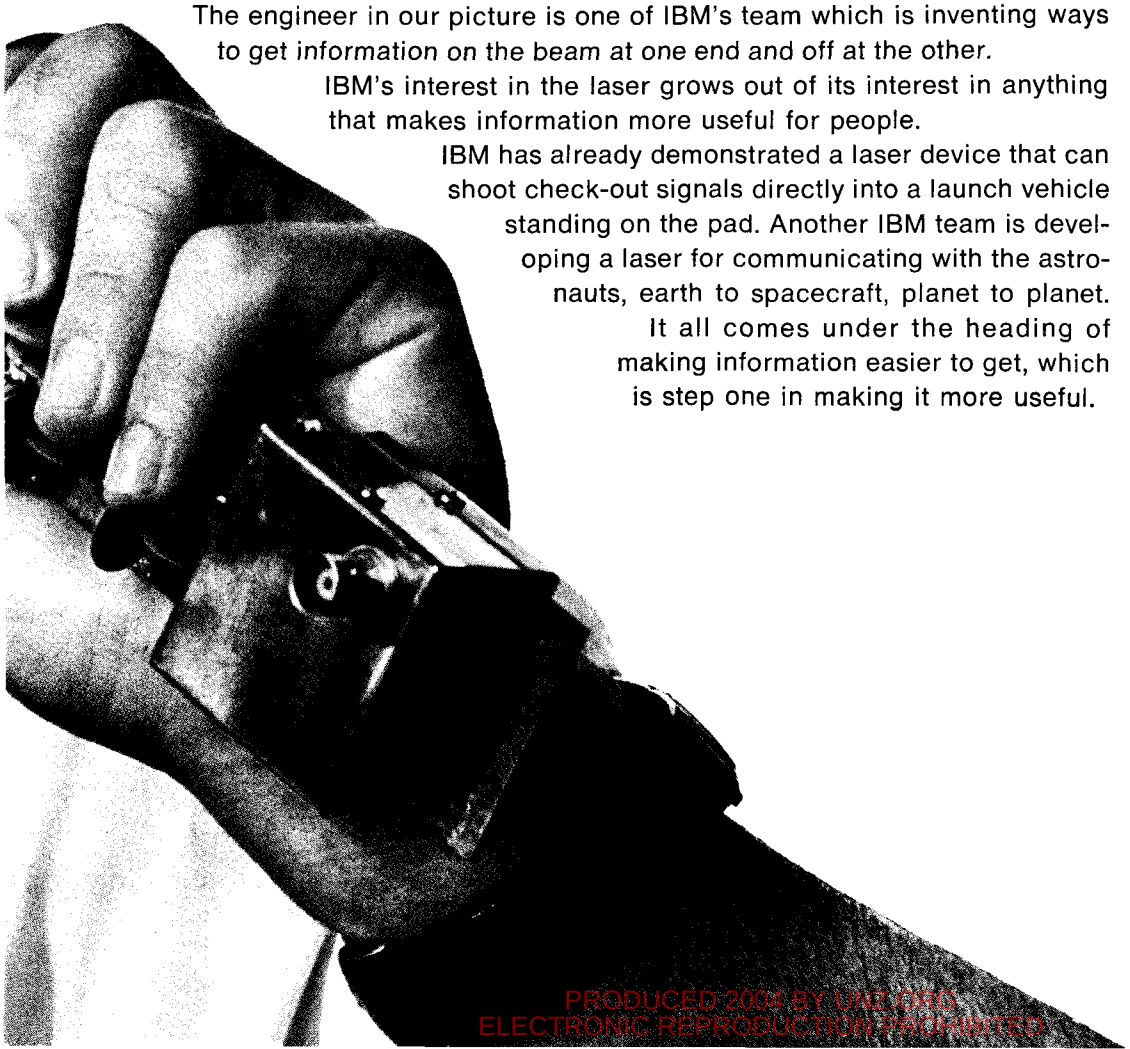

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 159

by HENRY ALLEN

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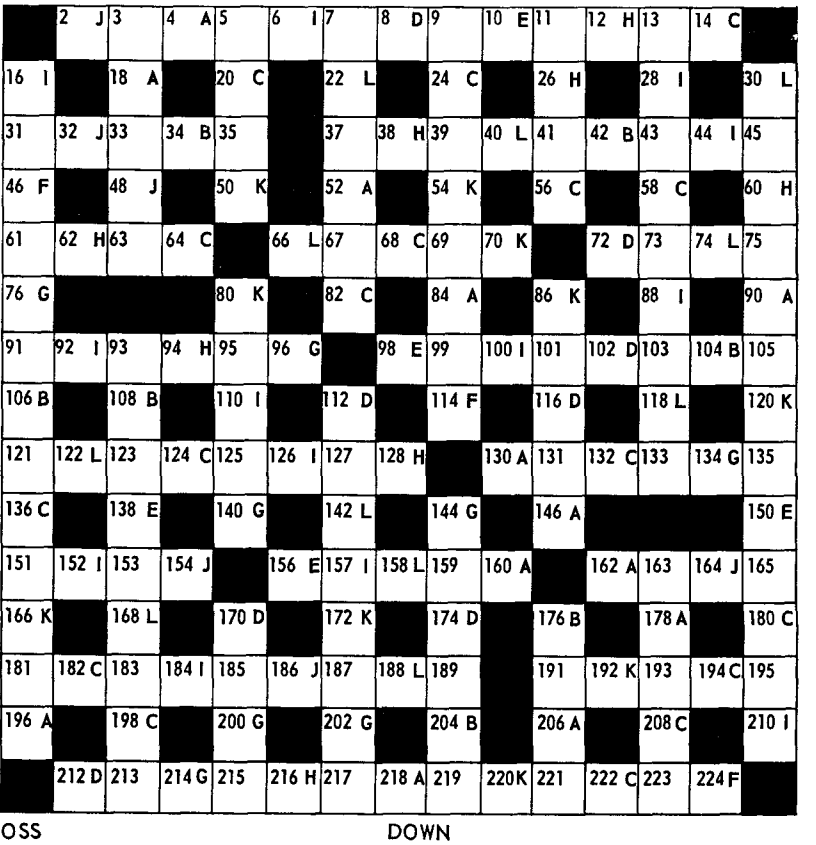
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
52 218 18 84 160 90 162 4 146 178
206 130 196 An instrument for inspecting the throat.

B
34 104 176 204 108 106 42 Turkish honorific.

C
58 222 198 24 14 124 182 136 68
194 56 208 132 180 20 82 64 Method of staging plays much used in community theatrics today (7,2,3,5).

D
8 170 174 116 102 72 212 112 State of being flat.

E
98 150 138 156 10 Indian king or prince.

F
46 114 224 Times or periods of prosperity (slang).

G
200 96 202 76 144 134 214 140 Light shoes.

H
216 12 94 26 38 62 128 60 An ornamental shrub with slender, feathery branches.

I
44 110 184 6 210 100 28 92 157 16
126 88 152 Aerial maneuver invented by and named for a World War I ace (9,4).

J
186 32 2 154 164 48 Eat by biting off small pieces.

K
120 172 50 220 166 86 192 54 80
70 What Dorothy found in the Emerald City other than emeralds (2,8).

L
66 118 168 158 22 74 188 142 30
122 40 Popular Roman speech (6,5).

ACROSS

2. The brute threw the girl over and fractured something (5,3,5).
31. I've been found in a railroad where the old man rolls.
37. Let panic rip! I deal in first things.
61. What the madman lost in grim India.
66. Sells and closes out after five.
72. Luck when an ancient city is held between two points (obs.).
91. Mix man with ale for a coating.
98. With 93 down, work of the Acrostician (8,3,6).
121. Not taxidermists' places but concealments (4-4).
130. Shipman who's mostly sure of himself.
151. Rolls about for a cut.
156. Rangy, upset, and mad.
162. Game played in the stars beween Algol, Fomalhaut, and Sirius.
181. These people cram 51 sins into lawbreaking.
191. The game sounds considerable.
212. Ladies' garments to pull drunks? (7,6).

DOWN

3. Bird of never a ventricle.
5. Tribesman of Miss Muffet's fare, they say.
7. Occur with a man first and a writer last.
9. A single unit of a storm is not a drip nor a flood.
11. The teacher without a tether leaves this.
13. Star you pour when feeling happiest.
16. Why the bridge partner heard the last of the first of this? (7,3,3).
30. Kidnaped in place of an ass, perhaps? (5,3,1,4).
80. Domes for the common people.
86. In Hindu lore, progenitors of humans, distorted Cockneys included.
93. See 98 across.
112. Poetic term or it's Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, in short.
144. How a switch may be when a present loses something.
163. Bit of verse, etc., to be found.
170. Gripper in what I devise and bequeath.
176. Beat 162 across when confused.

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dry-season level of about seven thousand, however, it is apparent that Hanoi has not finally abandoned its hopes. A suicidal assault can never be entirely ruled out. But it is certain now that there will be no Dien Bien Phus, no big military successes to win the sort of great political victory that brought the Indochina war to an end nearly thirteen years ago.

IT MAY SEEM a contradiction in terms to suggest that in these circumstances the state of the war is in many ways a cause of real anxiety. The Vietcong and the North Vietnamese are losing the big conventional war, but it could be argued that they are still winning the little guerrilla war. I asked a top counter-insurgency man how he evaluated the state of the war. "It is not a question I am fully competent to answer," he replied. "I don't know how we are doing in central Vietnam. We may be winning there, but we are still losing in the Delta."

This statement would not win official endorsement. Yet, despite the immense difficulties confronting the Vietcong almost everywhere and evidence from many regions that their popular following has been heavily strained by the demands of their effort, the fact remains that little if any progress has been made by the government against the purely guerrilla effort.

According to one highly regarded specialist on the affairs of the National Liberation Front, three-fifths of the population, voluntarily or involuntarily, still pay taxes to the Vietcong. In areas where the massive presence of the American and Korean forces creates its own security, the roads are safer and the guerrillas much less active. Where there are no such special circumstances, security generally is worse now than before. A couple of years ago it was safe to drive from Saigon to Vung Tau on the coast or to My Tho in the Mekong Delta. It is no longer safe. There are still Americans in the country who can remember driving from Quang Ngai to Saigon; a hazardous trip in 1963, it is impossible today. A company of main-force Vietcong troops is operating in the vicinity of the road between Da Nang and Hoi An, the provincial capital. The road from Da Nang to Huế is unsafe, and so are most of the roads on the outskirts of Saigon.

If this were simply a matter of clearing out a handful of snipers along the lines of communication, the problem would be peripheral. Unfortunately, the snipers themselves are peripheral, a symptom of much deeper troubles that will be infinitely more difficult to overcome than the enemy's main-force units.

Down into the Delta

The decision to switch the South Vietnamese Army from action against main-force units to the full-time defense of pacification programs and the deployment of American forces in the Mekong Delta are recognitions of the importance of this smaller war, which is now a very big smaller war. Over the years, military intelligence erred properly on the side of caution in evaluating the strength of Vietcong formations. Even after making full allowance for early underestimation, however, the figures convey some measure of the problem's growth. At the time of General Maxwell Taylor's visit to Vietnam in 1961 and his report that led the following year to the introduction of U.S. support forces, the total Vietcong forces were believed to number about fifteen thousand, of whom about half had guns.

The latest official estimates are that there are roughly eighty thousand Vietcong with guns in the IV Corps area and perhaps another twenty thousand in the remaining Delta provinces of Long An, Hau Nghia, and Gia Dinh. Hence in this heartland of the smaller war, there are perhaps ten times more armed Vietcong than there were in all of Vietnam when the war first became a crisis six years ago.

Hau Nghia Province is about a thirty-minute drive from Saigon. It has a population of 246,000, of whom, according to the province chief, about 200,000 are controlled by the Vietcong. An Xuyen Province, at the southern tip of South Vietnam and remote from any of the privileged sanctuaries (Hau Nghia is flanked by Cambodia), has a similar population and perhaps an even higher degree of Vietcong control. These are the most heavily infected provinces; but others, such as Kien Hoa with a population of 618,000, are only relatively better.

Excluding the cities of Saigon and Cholon, about 7.5 million people, or roughly half the population of South Vietnam, live in the Mekong Delta. It is the center of the Vietcong effort, the source of their manpower, money, rice, salt, consumer goods, and pharmaceuticals. Just as the Vietcong could hope to win the bigger war only by using the human and material resources of the Delta to raise large semi-conventional forces to fight alongside the North Vietnamese in major actions under the jungle cover of the highlands, so the U.S. and South Vietnamese forces, though they have denied the Vietcong the hope of a military victory, cannot themselves start the trend toward their own victory until they have begun to cope with the Delta.

HAVING LIVED with the war so long, we are not always aware of its increasing sophistication. The idea of a few guerrillas living off the land and emerging on occasional forays from well-hidden bases in the forests and marshlands was an oversimplification even in the earliest days. As the Vietcong military machine has grown, it has developed conventional needs. Supplies must be bought and troops paid. The total cost runs into billions of piastres every year. Without these funds, without the Delta that is their primary source, the Vietcong would simply wither on the vine.

Though the immediate effect of mounting Vietcong demands has been to increase the hostility of the uncommitted rural Vietnamese to the Communist cause, the task of breaking their hold over this network of rivers, canals, and rice fields poses enormous problems for the United States. Under General Dang Van Quang, who was relieved of his command of IV Corps last month, there was not only extensive corruption in the Delta but also a degree of coexistence that masked the extent of Vietcong influence. Since any serious threat to the Vietcong's sphere will stir up the ants' nest, there are obvious prospects for heavy Delta fighting.

In the sparsely populated back-

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woods of Quang Tri Province, in the High Plateau, and in the inner fastness of War Zones C and D, the Marines, the 1st Cavalry (Airborne), and the 1st Division have had brilliant successes. With courage and skill, they have baited the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese into attacking and have then overwhelmed them with their massive fire support. But these were set-piece actions far removed from heavy concentrations of the civilian population.

The Delta, on the contrary, is heavily populated. One reason why the Strategic Hamlet program failed there was that no fence could be built big enough to encircle the serpentine canals along which the peasants, in need of fish and fruit as well as rice, have built their homes. Moreover, in the Delta the Vietcong are all locals—no North Vietnamese units have penetrated—and their capacity to live in peasant anonymity is high indeed.

The Neglected Refugees

Some of the dangers in this situation already have shown up in prisoner, defector, and refugee interrogations. A year ago I reported that the villagers blamed the Vietcong and not the Americans or the Vietnamese government for bombing and artillery attacks on villages occupied by guerrillas. Today their thinking has changed somewhat. When the bombing or shelling is preceded by adequate advance warning, the villagers still tend to blame the Vietcong—if there are large concentrations of them. If there is no warning and few Vietcong are around, the villagers blame the Americans or the government. "It is not so much that the villagers have changed but that there seems to be too much bombing and shelling with too little justification," said one official.

One difficulty—which, fortunately, will be reduced progressively as the American forces assume more and more of the main-force role—is the attitude of province and district chiefs toward bombing and artillery fire. Instead of standing in the way of air and artillery attacks on villagers suspected of harboring the Vietcong, they too often take the preventive approach. The effect is to swell the number of refugees but not the ranks of those who are sympathetic to the government.

Nor do most refugees receive the kind of treatment that might be calculated to win them over. Too often they cluster and fester around the cities and towns or give up and go back to take their risk with the Vietcong in the war. In Quang Nam Province, for example, there are 168,000 refugees, of whom all but eighty thousand are "scattered," the bureaucratic term for "totally neglected." During the past two years only twenty-one thousand have been resettled. The rest will be "carried

over" until next year or will just drift back to where home used to be.

Although hundreds of millions of piastres have been provided by the United States for refugee assistance, many rural officials are not at all disposed to distribute the money or to take meaningful action to resettle the refugees. "The refugees expect the government to do everything for them," one acting province chief told me. "This is one reason why many are not getting any help. Another reason is that they are heavily infiltrated by the Vietcong. The Vietcong encourage them to come in and they can be very useful to the Vietcong. Do you suggest that we ought to help the Vietcong?"

This thinking is commonplace. It is easier to treat the Vietcong as enemies than to persuade them to be friends. Despite official lip service to the Open Arms campaign in which the Vietcong are encouraged to defect, the initiative here comes almost entirely from the Americans. The South Vietnamese government's attitudes toward "pampering" refugees become even more unyielding when it is a matter of "coddling" established enemies.

I VISITED a squalid camp for defectors at Quang Ngai. More than a hundred former Vietcong were crowded into a hut that was open to the monsoon rains. To the obvious anger of the camp commandant, who was standing by, I asked a high-school student who had been working as a medical orderly whether life was better with the Vietcong. "This is not very good," he replied, "but at least there's the promise of freedom here."

There is not enough promise of anything else. In the Philippines during the Hukbalahap uprising early in the 1950's, a generous resettlement program contributed greatly to President Magsaysay's success. In Malaya's Communist uprising, the amnesty was highly rewarding. In Vietnam the lack of effective, co-ordinated programs for refugee and Vietcong rehabilitation will be felt sorely when serious attention is given at last to the Delta. Firepower and mobility have been two major factors in the success of the U.S. forces in dealing with large concentrations of Vietcong and North Vietnamese regulars in the highlands. In the Delta, where every incautiously fired shell is apt to find an innocent target, the Americans will find themselves obliged to exercise frustrating restraint on the use of both air and artillery. Helicopters and amphibious tractors will play an important part in operations, but again the need is not so much for mobility as for patience—and for ever larger numbers of troops on the ground.

The easy half of the war is in good shape. The hard half, which will determine among other things whether the war will truly be won or simply fade away to start again another day, is just beginning.

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Wasteful Duplication In Our Hospitals

JUDITH RANDAL

NOT SO LONG AGO, I spent a morning with a young doctor who, as head of a recently formed department of community medicine at a large New York hospital, has been impressively successful in reducing the number of heart attacks, strokes, and other crises of illness among the elderly who live nearby. The results of the first year's work were in, showing clearly that the public-health nurses he had sent into their homes and the guidance by social workers and a psychiatrist had cut down on their need for hospitalization and kept many from living out their days in institutions. It was just the sort of thing that encourages the informed people who deplore the present fragmented nature of medicine with its many competing specialties and point out to anyone who will listen that hospitals should prepare themselves to offer comprehensive preventive care to surrounding neighborhoods instead of waiting until people are so ill that they have to come to them. Yet, despite the achievements of his program, I found the young doctor strangely downcast.

His hospital, he explained, had sold some property for a million dollars. The money had originally been slated for badly needed rehabilitation and convalescent services, but instead, under pressure from powerful staff doctors, it was being used to equip the hospital for open-heart surgery. As there were already about twenty open-heart units in and around New York—more than enough for the area's population—he viewed the switch in plans as an attempt to keep up with the Joneses rather than an effort to meet community needs.

This was a serious accusation, the more so since the doctor assured me that such waste is widespread. My own investigations and interviews with hospital experts have convinced me that he is right. Professionals are well aware that hospitals, like other institutions, develop selfish interests. The evidence is to be found in medical and hospital journals, in surveys conducted by university, state, and Federal groups, and in the publications of foundations. The people most affected, the patients, know least about it. While it would be unfair to say that there has been a deliberate attempt at concealment, hospitals are reluctant to air the problem.

Few feats are as impressive as a cardiac team at work repairing a damaged heart. But the operation itself is only the culmination of a long process. If the patient is to have a fighting chance, those who prepare him for surgery and those who perform the surgery itself must work long and continuously together. Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, the University of Minnesota surgeon who was among the first to operate on the heart, estimates that such a team needs to perform at least one operation a week, and preferably two or three, to develop and maintain its skills. Dr. Michael E. De Bakey, the Houston cardiovascular surgeon who chaired the 1964 President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke, goes much further. "Even a team that operates only once a week," he says, "is courting disaster." At Dr. De Bakey's own hospital, for example, where he and his colleagues perform as many as three operations a day, the mortality rate is well below five per cent. But in some hospitals with comparable equipment that do fewer than a hundred operations a year, as many as thirty per cent of the patients die.

Too Much Is Not Enough

Yet despite these forthright statements by two of the nation's leading authorities, and in the face of informed estimates that no more than fifty thousand Americans a year need such surgery, the number of open-heart units continues to grow. According to heart specialists, two hundred experienced teams throughout the country could easily perform all the operations necessary within any given year. In a study made in 1961 by the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, there were already 327 U.S. hospitals that reported themselves as equipped for open-heart surgery. Of these only fifty-six performed one or more operations a week. Suitable patients are so rare that a Chicago hospital is thinking of closing the unit it established a few years ago. Unfortunately, such prudence is far from universal. It's not unusual, Dr. Lillehei has said, for a team to keep going by operating on patients who would be poor risks for any major surgery, not to mention open-heart surgery.

Another dangerous situation derives from the historical accident that radiologists originally used the same basic instruments for diagnosis and cancer therapy, although the medical aspects of the two fields have

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little in common. Cancer therapy is an exacting specialty, requiring the doctor to give at least four thousand high-energy treatments a year, or about fifteen a day, to maintain his skill. In Britain, a doctor is licensed to practice either diagnostic or therapeutic radiology, not both, but in the United States, where there are only some two hundred to three hundred radiologists who devote themselves to therapy alone, most cancer patients are treated by part-time therapists.

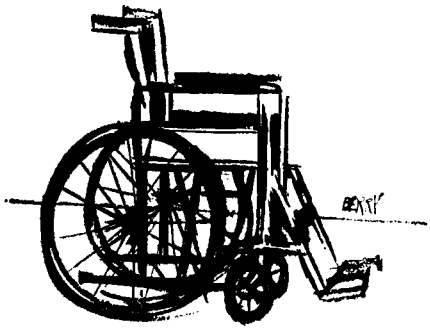
In the light of this finding, it is alarming to note that in 1965 New York State alone had 694 therapy machines of two hundred kilovolts and over, seventy-two of which were cobalt bombs. According to Jerome Pollack, professor of medical economics at Harvard, who directed the study of New York's facilities, just fifty cobalt units could care for the radiation-therapy needs of twenty-five million people—or seven million more than the state's population. According to a report Professor Pollack prepared for Governor Rockefeller, "Radiation-therapy installations have thus spread even more explosively than facilities for open-heart surgery, in similar disproportion to the needs and resources of the community."

It is no secret among doctors that the oversupply of cobalt units and other high-energy machines and their handling by inexperienced therapists exacts a human toll. A study made at Buffalo's Roswell Park Memorial Institute comparing the course of cervical cancers showed that women who received therapy from specialists had nearly twice as high a survival rate after five years as those treated by radiologists who dealt with cancer only now and then. The point was brought home to me by a cancer surgeon. "You see," he explained, "radiation therapy and cancer surgery have more in common than X-ray therapy and X-ray diagnosis. The surgeon and the radiation therapist are both concerned with destruction of tumors and prevention of their spread. But these are secondary considerations to the man whose primary orientation is diagnosis."

Furthermore, if the radiation source is cobalt, its radioactivity "decays" so that it must be replaced every five or six years to the tune of $30,000. Thus, the hospital installing open-heart surgery which costs approximately $1.5 million to build, plus $100,000 a year to maintain, and a cobalt unit whose initial investment typically entails a minimum of $100,000, would spend in a five-year period enough to open a rehabilitation unit or build four neighborhood clinics for public health.

What applies to open-heart surgery suites and cobalt bombs applies, too, to other new developments—among them artificial kidneys, lasers for eye surgery, and hyperbaric or compression chambers to resuscitate victims of carbon monoxide poisoning and perhaps to treat cancer and stroke. While all these facilities have their uses, most are still experimental and therefore best used in hospitals affiliated with medical schools where their advantages and limitations can be expertly explored.

A LESS OBVIOUS detriment to good patient care, but a detriment nonetheless, is a surplus of hospital beds in some areas. Many of these unused beds—almost as expensive to maintain as full ones—are allocated by state laws for maternity cases. A look at the data kept



by hospitals to qualify them for Federal construction aid tells the story: again and again one finds that hospitals sometimes no more than twenty miles apart—and often a good deal closer—have more beds for mothers and children than they can use. Prosperity and the rush to the suburbs have accentuated the problem. Dr. Leonard Cronkhite, director of the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, has gone so far as to say that the wealthier the suburb, the greater the chance that its hospital facilities aren't being used. "It's to be expected, of course," he added, "that the town that has built schools and a fire department and a library wants a hospital to complete the picture." Church-affiliated institutions also often duplicate facilities, particularly if, like obstetrical units and children's wards, they have fund-raising appeal.

The several hundred complaints of discrimination in hospitals filed with the Office of Equal Health Opportunity as Medicare went into effect clearly indicate the extent of duplication because of segregated facilities. This is not only wasteful but can have tragic results. In April a white policeman in Baltimore, shot less than three hundred feet from the emergency room of Provident Hospital, bled to death because it is a Negro institution and would not treat him. A few weeks earlier, a Negro died of a heart attack on a Birmingham street after an ambulance from a white hospital had refused to pick him up.

Although segregation is not always so cruelly blatant, even in its more subtle forms it undermines the health of black and white alike. With their rigid apartheid and limited funds, for example, Southern hospitals have been able to afford fewer dietitians and diet kitchens, fewer physical-therapy installations, fewer diagnostic laboratories—fewer of almost everything that a hospital should have. And the price for a dual hospital system will be higher still in those hospitals which will not qualify for Federal aid because of their discriminatory policies. At last count almost 150 Federally aided hospitals, mainly in the South, had failed to desegregate to the satisfaction of Medicare officials.

It would be naïve to think, however, that Southern hospitals are the only ones guilty of discrimination. As Dr. George Silver, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and an expert on family medicine, has pointed out, any hospital that separates its patients by their ability to pay is duplicating facilities on spurious grounds. The existence of separate facilities for the poor or medically indigent carries with it the false assumption that there are two proper

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standards of care. Young doctors and others in training come to know this and to act accordingly when pressed for time.

Another cause of duplication lies in the fact that many small communities build or expand hospitals because they hope to attract more doctors. But surveys made by both local and national groups reveal that a hospital with fewer than 350 beds, except in isolated rural areas, is too small to justify adequate laboratory, X-ray, and diagnostic facilities and will not draw either top-notch doctors or other professional staff. Because of this drawback, the sick go elsewhere for medical care and expensive facilities are wasted. More than 1,500 such hospitals fail to receive the approval of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, the closest American approximation to a hospital-control body. Community hospitals also install research laboratories in the hope of drawing interns and residents, a stratagem that Dr. Robert Ebert, dean of the Harvard Medical School, says is often money down the drain.

Partial Answers

What is the answer to this senseless and often dangerous waste? And how can existing facilities be put to better use?

One approach is legislation. In 1964, New York became the first state to take legal action when it enacted the Metcalf-McCloskey Act. This law enlarged the State Hospital Review and Planning Council to include wider public representation and required a referral of plans to the seven subsidiary regional councils for certification as to public need before new hospitals or nursing homes can be opened or additions can be made. However, so many hospitals were busy right up to the wire making purchases that the impact of this innovation has yet to be felt. All the status symbols previously mentioned were grabbed up in the rush and many of them are just now being readied for use. No one seemed to care if equivalent facilities nearby were underutilized or that other services, notably emergency and outpatient facilities, were often either inadequate or in short supply. The Federal program for heart disease, cancer, stroke, and related diseases, with its grants for regional planning, will do something to alleviate such shortcomings, but it is only now beginning to get off the ground. As Robb Burlage, an economist with Washington's Institute for Policy Studies, remarked recently, "The United States is the medical court of last resort for the world's afflicted so long as they have the wherewithal, but it still lags behind other industrial nations in the general provision of care."

Another idea that has the backing of the United States Public Health Service was borrowed from the Japanese, who have for many years given different degrees of care to patients at different stages of illness. Although many American hospitals provide recovery rooms for patients after surgery and intensive-care units for the seriously ill, the other end of the continuum has been largely ignored, further aggravating the shortage of nurses and beds.

Progressive Patient Care has been pioneered in this country at St. John's Hospital in St. Paul, with the objective of placing each patient in the kind of facility that best meets his needs at a given time. When he is scheduled for surgery, he is admitted first to a motel-like unit where he largely cares for himself while preparatory tests are made. After surgery, he first goes to a recovery room near the operating room and then to the familiar kind of hospital floor. When he no longer needs constant observation and attention, he moves again, perhaps to an extended-care unit where nurses specialize in rehabilitation. He may remain under the hospital's supervision through a program of home care or be readied for a shift to a nursing home. In all, there are eleven levels of care, ranging from outpatient to the most intensive team nursing. As the level varies, so do the costs. Self-care units are typically half as expensive as the usual semi-private room and are only a quarter as expensive as intensive care.

Even when this system is only partly adopted, as at the Copthorne Hospital in Shrewsbury, England, the simple expedient of transferring patients to a common discharge ward when they reach a certain stage of recovery has made it possible to treat more than a thousand more patients annually with the same number of beds. The discharge ward is run by a single nurse with the help of orderlies and aides.

Another practice that interferes with full utilization of facilities is the observance (except for emergencies) by hospitals of the five-day week. The Cooper Hospital in Camden, New Jersey, finding that it needed more beds, decided instead to extend all its services first to Saturdays and then to Sundays. Although ten new employees have had to be hired, the work load has evened out, the hospital has gained the equivalent of fifty additional beds, and for the first time in its history it is operating at a profit. Even more important, an impartial team of doctors has found that the quality of care was actually improved. With laboratories and treatment and operating rooms open every day, most of the old delays have disappeared.

Clearly, a rational approach to the development of hospital facilities would not only eliminate needless duplications but would go far to relieve increasingly critical shortages. It would also, economists and some doctors believe, reduce the costs and improve the quality of hospital care. For example, Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, dean emeritus of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, says that while some regions are short of well-qualified doctors, "A number of the major communities have more physicians than are really required if their services were efficiently utilized." In various parts of the country, programs have already been initiated that cut down waste drastically. By establishing regional or area-wide planning and review councils representative of many groups, some communities are tackling the various problems in the light of total area needs.

Thus, several hospitals in Kansas City, Missouri, which were going to add a total of 1,400 beds, changed their plans when they learned from an area-wide survey that no more beds would be needed in the city until at least 1970 and that they would all be in financial straits if

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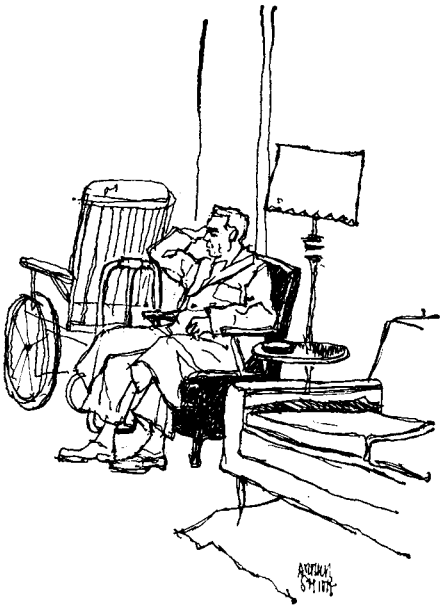
additions were made. Similarly, two hospitals in Pittsburgh had plans for individual expansion that totaled $90 million when consultation with the local review council—whose membership includes representatives of such large corporations as United States Steel, H. J. Heinz, and Gulf Oil—helped them to re-examine their problems in terms of the community as a whole. The revised estimates were considerably lower, and one hospital dropped its financial requirements from $11 million to $2 million. In a county outside New York City where four hospitals within a short driving distance of each other were proposing radiation-therapy units, the administrators and radiologists of the four institutions met at the suggestion of their planning council to discuss common needs and problems. As a result, only one radiation-therapy unit will be built for their combined use.

Individual hospitals, too, can do a great deal. The board and staff of New York's Beth Israel Hospital complex were clamoring for the addition of an eye, ear, nose, and throat unit to round out the training and experience of the interns and residents when Dr. Cecil Sheps became director last year. Sheps pointed out that there was already New York Eye and Ear Infirmary a few blocks away and that perhaps its staff would welcome some help with more general medical problems while Beth Israel's young doctors could use its facilities to further their knowledge of diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. Although there were immediate objections that Beth Israel was a Jewish institution and New York Eye and Ear a Protestant hospital, Sheps arranged for doctors from the two hospitals to exchange visits and discuss each other's needs and problems. A plan has resulted whereby the two staffs are serving each other. No extra facilities will be needed and care should be improved for the patients of both hospitals.

Planning councils in some sixty communities are trying to help hospitals make better use of what they have. The surplus of beds in maternity and pediatric sections, for example, is in part due to stringent rulings that were drawn up before antibiotics reduced the dangers of cross-infection and childbed fever. With the help of planning authorities and the guidance of the American Hospital Association, several hospitals are cautiously experimenting to see if this difficulty can be overcome. And some insurance companies, realizing that many patients are needlessly in the hospital for diagnostic tests, are beginning to pay for their care on an outpatient basis.

Rochester's Example

One of the most planning-minded communities in the country is Rochester, New York. The city's concern with planning its medical facilities dates back several years when local hospitals, having done little expanding or renovating since the Second World War, had estimated their needs individually and were planning to raise funds collectively for extensive modernization and the addition of hundreds of intensive-care beds. The stumbling block was the price—an estimated $30 million against the probable $10 million the community could raise. Marion B. Folsom, a retired Eastman Kodak executive and Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare under President Eisenhower, was made chairman of the committee that was to allocate funds raised by the drive. Folsom enlisted the advice of the Surgeon General's office and got a grant from the Public Health Service. He set up the local health council and immediately launched a study to determine Rochester's needs. Facilities and direction were provided by the University of Rochester, and twenty-eight physicians and surgeons, half of them local doctors, were engaged to make a survey of 1,480 beds in the Rochester community hospitals. Their report revealed that about twenty per cent of the patients in these beds had no *medical* reason to be there at all.



"This finding," Folsom said, "at least gave us a little leeway and enabled us to project a smaller allotment for beds, giving the fund drive an attainable goal." It also started Rochester on its way to Progressive Patient Care.

Blue Cross is now paying for some pre-admission tests on an outpatient basis, and an agency has been organized that enables many to leave the hospital early to be cared for at home. It is not a charity agreement. Blue Cross rates provide broader protection at less cost in Rochester than almost any city in the nation. It has simply found it sound practice to cover three days of home care for each day it would cover in a hospital. Patients who go home are being well cared for at an average cost of only $10 a day. Thus the program reduces the cost of illness to the patient, increases available hospital beds, and has saved the community an estimated million dollars in the past five years.

Rochester's experience demonstrates that planning by interested and informed laymen in collaboration with doctors and hospital administrators can result in health facilities that consistently improve. With Medicare and the coming of intercommunity centers for specialized care, there is a feeling that sensible arrangements such as Rochester's will come about automatically through the actions of the Federal government. But the experts do not agree. Just as a fleet is made up of a number of kinds of ships, they say, so we must have a number of kinds of hospitals and other services working together to provide good patient care. To allow hospitals or doctors to do the job alone—as some might prefer—would be as much a disservice to the nation as allowing the Army or Navy to function without civilian control. An alert and informed public must help.

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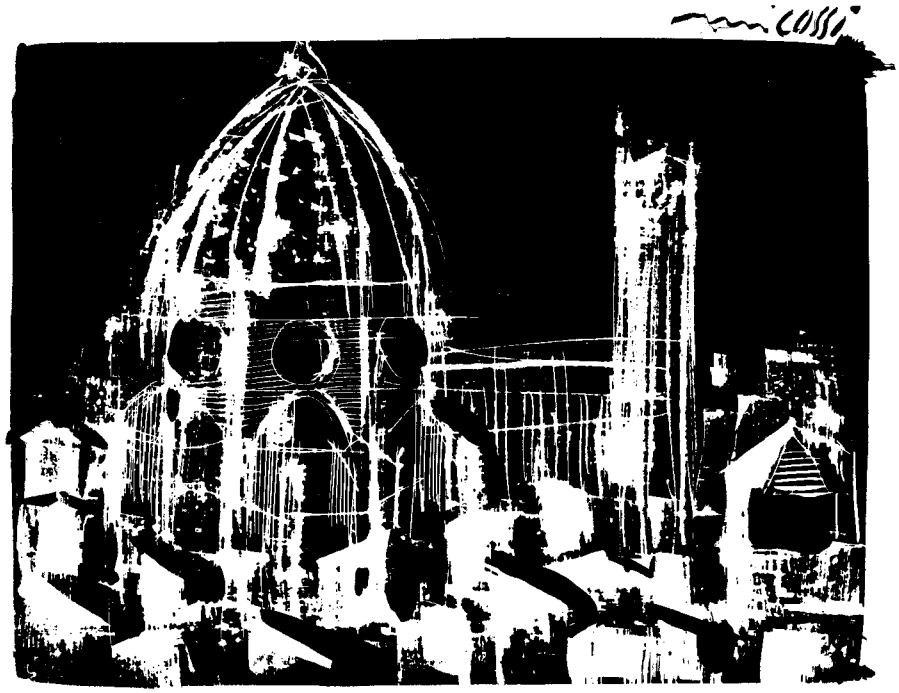

Florence After the Deluge

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

"Per me si va nella città dolente"

FLORENCE

THE CITY OF DANTE, weeks after the incredible flood of November 4, still presents scenes out of Dante's Hell. It is a city of grief inhabited by lost folk: five thousand families without a roof; six thousand out of ten thousand shops of artisans and small merchants destroyed; 300,000 volumes of the famed Biblioteca Nazionale soaked in the mud; fifty million irreplaceable documents dating from the thirteenth century, comprising forty rooms of the State Archives, churned in the furious waters of the Arno.

But human sorrow is, blessedly and inevitably, of short term; on this earth, at least, there is no *"eterno dolore."* The Florentines have already dug themselves out of the mud and are at work setting their city in order—that precious repository of the western spirit which rose higher here than anywhere since Periclean Athens.

Yet everywhere—especially in the low-lying districts and on the ground-floor dwellings—the devastation of the "flood of Biblical proportions," as Archbishop Florit put it, is appalling. Nothing I had read, no photographs I had seen, prepared me for the hallucinative spectacle. The night of my arrival I slogged through the muck and debris of blacked-out streets leading to the Piazza Santa Croce. A soldier in camouflage fatigues stood on the church steps in the light of a lantern. The sky above the church was lanced by beams of searchlights mounted in the Piazzale Michelangelo on the heights across the river. A watery moon bathed Dante's statue in spectral light. Indeed the entire square—and everything in Florence these days—has a Dantesque air.

The cloister doors of Santa Croce opened to our banging, and there, in the light of the moon and the monk's torch, was the Pazzi Chapel, Brunelleschi's cool early Renaissance masterpiece. I had taught it to my students in Syracuse three weeks before. The water line, marked clearly on the columns by a scum of the fuel oil that was spread by the flood, was more than seventeen feet from the ground. The Cimabue crucifix, lying on a scaffolding, seemed utterly ruined. Still cold and dampish to the touch two weeks after the inundation, the work that Vasari declared " . . . gave the first light to the art of painting" cannot be saved: eighty per cent of the pigments have been washed away.

Art and Life

But the destruction of art works must not be permitted to conceal the damage to human lives. The tragedy of the Florentine flood is just beginning. The spectacular moment is over; now begins the daily nagging attrition in the wrecked lives of thousands of the *"popolo minuto,"* the little people who have absolutely nothing left to fall back on. And there is danger, I think, that in the laudable eagerness to assist in the restoration of works of art, the restoration of men will be left to fortune and Italian politics. If the Florentine flood was an "act of God," its consequences must be rectified by men.

The Santa Croce district exemplifies the two dimensions of reconstruction. There is the problem of saving crucifixes, and there is the problem of saving *"Cristiani"*—in Italian, synonymous with "human beings." Florence itself is not a museum, although it contains some of the world's greatest museums. Florence is (or was) a living city, a city of handicraftsmen, of small manufacturers, of woodcarvers, framemakers, leatherworkers, mosaicists, of merchants and booksellers, and several of Italy's great publishers. The areas hardest hit—Santa Croce, Gavinana, and San Frediano—happen to be the seat of handicraft workshops and small-scale manufacture. The tradition began in the Middle Ages when artisans chose the spot for their shops because they could employ water power from the river to turn their wheels and lathes.

To find out what was being done for the *"popolo minuto,"* I visited Mayor Piero Bargellini in his apartment in the Santa Croce district. The apartment of the mayor's son, on the ground floor of the fifteenth-century palace near the Casa Buo-

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narroti, was completely gutted by oily water. Climbing to the mayor's floor, I stepped gingerly through the mud, past heaps of soaked books, demolished furniture, and mud-plastered statues. Like thousands of others, the mayor has had to take in refugees, in this case his son's family.

BARGELLINI, who is the author of dozens of books on Tuscan art and tradition, smiled ruefully when I brought up the question of priorities of aid: "How can we weigh one against the other? How can I, of all people, not be grieved by the destruction of works of art? We've already set up two distinct committees: one concerned with cultural reconstruction, one with human needs. We must help both, and those who contribute should indicate where they want their funds to be applied. The best would be half and half."

Bargellini counted off the measures already undertaken: the ten-year loans at three per cent; outright flood-relief grants of $300; emergency food rations handed out to people in lines at relief stations all over the city; decrees regulating use of water from the special emergency distributing points (more lines of people carrying plastic pails and cans); deferment of rents.

Most Florentines seem to agree that Bargellini has proved to be a courageous man of good will, caught between city and government claims of authority, especially with regard to tax raising. He told me that he had been reluctant to declare a state of emergency—"although it was, and is, an emergency"—because this would have meant turning all powers over to the military. And although the military is helping greatly, providing soldiers to dig and cart away the mud, legal power is still in the hands of the city.

I accompanied an American resident who was delivering money from a local flood-relief fund to a neighborhood committee in the hardest-hit section of all. In Gavinana, 1,600 families have lost their homes; a hundred others have had to abandon houses in danger of collapse. The Gavinana District Relief Committee is one of the largest neighborhood organizations among the twenty-six formed to cope with the disaster. The atmosphere in its school-building headquarters was that of a war, with mud the enemy. In the vestibule some twenty-five boys and girls with long shovels on their shoulders were being briefed by a man in a knit ski cap and mud-splattered leather boots who looked like the second mate on a tramp schooner. He turned out to be an assistant professor of sociology at the University of Florence. The students, I learned, were volunteers from a Milan high school.

In Gavinana the committee includes representatives from all groups, ranging from Communists to parish priests. "We need more pumps!" was the cry the evening I was there. "Pumps, bulldozers, trucks!" *"Insufficenza"* was the word most commonly heard. The city had not provided enough help. Bargellini's reply, when I reported the protest to him, was that there were a thousand pumps working in Florence, that special large-diameter mud-sucking pumps were needed, that work was being done zone by zone, and that some Florentines forgot that they were not alone in suffering: almost a third of Italy was flooded.

Worse Than War

In some instances, these complaints are undoubtedly conditioned by political interests. Even in the midst of this catastrophe no measure is objectively gauged; the city pressures the government at Rome, and when the President of the Republic visits the disaster areas, he is booed. At Rome, the Communists have undoubtedly tried to capitalize on the confusion. Yet in Florence, on the local level, I heard no complaints about the active role the Communists are playing in these neighborhood flood-relief committees.

In one room of the school where children's drawings are still pasted on the walls, thousands of bottles of medicine were heaped up on tables. A draftee in uniform, several schoolgirls, a priest in boots were working at organizing the pile. All these medicines, I was told, had been contributed privately, rather than by the authorities. At the Gavinana headquarters the atmosphere was impassioned. One felt the birth of a broader new resistance movement: resistance against cold and hunger and mud, and resentment against the authorities—whether of the government or the city. There was the euphoria of a joint effort against a common enemy.

The day I left, a Communist joined with the booted priest to whom I had spoken to lead a demonstration from Gavinana to the seat of city government, the Palazzo Vecchio, protesting the inadequacy of rations. As it turned out, the protest was entirely justified. An error by one of the city assessors caused rations that had been computed on a per capita basis to be given out according to a count by families.

Politics aside, the Florentines have proved to be magnificent. The shops are being tidied, and many are back in business, sometimes lit by lanterns. By late November, most of the lights were on again, although the telephones were still out of order. Everyone wore boots, even salesgirls in the elegant shops whose windows are streaked a yard high with abstract designs in fuel oil. Oil-blacked flags, hung out for November 4, Italy's national holiday, still droop, as if in mourning; and one dreads to think what the loss of life—twenty-seven in the city by the latest official count, plus sixteen more in the province—would have been had the Arno's rage burst on a regular workday.

Fragments of overheard conversation deal only with the flood. There was antediluvian Florence and the Florence of today. It is a universal litany: "Worse than the war. Oh, much worse than the war!" Outside their areas of impact, bombs do not utterly destroy. But water penetrates every crevice—even steel deposit boxes, as I learned to my grief when I went down into the vaults of the Credito Italiano to reclaim the fifteen years of Michelangelo research I had left there four months ago; I found only wads of rust-colored slime.

TO REPEAT, there are two distinct categories of the problems of recovery: the measures being taken in the realm of human needs and in the realm of art. The latter is being

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tackled with resourcefulness and speed. Both in Italy and abroad, tremendous work has already been accomplished: experts are being flown in from all over the world; students, both foreign and Italian, have plunged into the oily ooze to save whatever could be saved of the 300,000 damaged volumes from the National Library, the 40,000 volumes of the State Archives, the 250,000 submerged books of the Vieusseux Library, the 100,000 volumes of the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy, the Rosselli collection, and the slime-enameled equipment of school and university laboratories.

Hundreds of these wonderful young people are laboring in the courtyard of Santa Croce and in the workshop of the Cathedral Museum, inserting sheets of absorbent paper between the priceless pages of soaked manuscripts and codices. Thousands of books have already been sent to Paris and Milan to benefit from their special facilities. In the Pazzi Chapel there are panel paintings that were immediately treated with a special soluble mastic and covered with Japanese rice paper to keep the pigments from floating away. Funds for such work are being solicited around the world.

There is much to be done. Everyone by now knows the more dramatic details. Flood waters invaded the Baptistry, breaking open Ghiberti's Doors of Paradise, banging them back and forth until five of the panels were dislodged, though luckily contained within the grating. A section of Andrea Pisano's door was ripped off. Seventeen churches were flooded, and grievous losses occurred as the waters, with their lethal ammunition of debris, swirled into the Bargello and smashed much of the armor collection, destroyed the musical instruments at the Bardini, lapped at the foot of Michelangelo's David in the Accademia, streaked black the allegorical frescoes of the Spanish Chapel, and smeared Donatello's Magdalen of the Baptistry.

The list could be, and alas will be, greatly extended as the inventory starts to come in from the provinces. Perhaps the greatest loss, after the Cimabue crucifix, is the matchless Etruscan collection on the ground floor of the Archaeological

Museum. Here water seeped into the basement and mounted until it burst the floor tiles; the violence destroyed almost all the glass cases containing the priceless black bucchero vases, twisting the bronzes, wrecking the reconstructed Etruscan tombs of the garden. Fortunately the famous François Vase was spared.

In all, according to Professor Ugo Procacci, Superintendent of Fine Arts for the Provinces of Florence, Arezzo, and Pistoia, 885 works of art, comprising 221 panels, 413 canvases, 11 fresco cycles, 39 separate frescoes, and 144 pieces of sculpture, have been damaged or destroyed.

Rebirth

Yet people who have planned trips here should be reassured. Much of the damage will have been repaired or stowed away out of sight by the time they arrive. Seventy to eighty per cent of the loss is in research facilities. Precious books, codices, and collections are gone forever. Three of the largest private publishers, Le Monnier, Marzocco, and La Nuova Italia, were struck terrible blows. But by spring, visitors will not see any of this. They will see the chief architectural monuments of the city intact, the chief galleries untouched, the frescoes already cleaned.

In the Santa Croce Museum I saw restorers washing the stains off the Orcagna frescoes, and although they seemed entirely clear, it is still too early to know how much of the oil or its chemical ingredients has crept under the surfaces. Frescoes differ in terms of their porousness, and so do various types of marble. I noticed, for example, that no oil stains adhered to the Cathedral façade, a fact which may have to do with chemistry but which some would undoubtedly attribute to a miracle.

Professor Carlo Ragghianti, a prominent member of the executive committee of the International Fund for Florence, told me: "At first the destruction seemed disastrous. Now, the situation looks better than we dared to think. But the losses are still frightful, and in the bibliographical field, catastrophic. We have had no experience with crude-oil stains. Panels are soaked and may crack. The canvases require radical restoration. We don't know as yet what the long-term damages will be to the Paolo Uccello frescoes in Santa Maria Novella. The Cabinetta Fototecnica, founded about 1880 to keep a file of negatives of art works, is perhaps half recuperable. Important archives of Italian-Jewish history, just put to order by a visiting Israeli scholar, were destroyed by the three or four meters of water that invaded the Synagogue near Piazza d'Azeglio."

As we sat in the professor's study in his villa near Careggi, talking about these wounds to the intellectual life of this city, I thought of the gatherings of the neo-Platonic circle at the Medici villa not far from here, the talented men around Lorenzo the Magnificent. The Medici fell, to be succeeded by the Republic. There, in the high-beamed salon, examining the photos of the wreckage of known and loved statues and pictures, I thought of Machiavelli and his disquisition on the fickleness of fortune.

I also remembered Bruno Masiero, the proprietor of a small restaurant, who pointed to the high-water mark on a pillar seven feet from the floor. "I've instructed the painters to leave that," he told me. Like most Florentines, Masiero has a sense of history, and for Florence the ancient Ponte Vecchio has become a symbol of the city's continuity. Rebuilt after the previous record flood of November 4, 1333, it survived this disaster although the jewelers' shops on the upriver side were swept away. Like the bridge, the city of the Renaissance will be reborn.

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Bali Exorcises An Evil Spirit

DONALD KIRK

DENPASAR, BALI

THE TINKLING NOTES of a gamelan orchestra drift gently on an afternoon breeze, a bare-breasted housewife walks lazily down the street to market, dogs and pigs lounge in the sun while little children play hide-and-seek in the rich green woods beside the road. The idyllic picture of rural life on Bali, a land of verdant forests and rice paddies, soaring volcanic peaks and rough-hewn coasts, remains almost unchanged after generations of Dutch colonial rule, Japanese occupation, and Indonesian independence.

It is only on closer inspection of some of the *desas*—the little villages where most of the island's two million inhabitants live—that one realizes that something has happened to upset the equilibrium of Balinese society. The Hindu temples are piled abnormally high with offerings for festivals and purification ceremonies. Here and there one sees the charred ruins of a house or a meeting hall, often inscribed with anti-Communist slogans. The initials "PNI" for Partai Nasionalis Indonesia, now the island's ruling party, are painted above the doorways of many homes in the clay-walled compounds. Villagers have taken pains to publicize their anti-Communism since the great purge in which some fifty thousand alleged Communists on the island were dragged from their homes and killed.

The purge lasted two months, from mid-November, 1965, to the middle of last January. Many Balinese have already enshrined it in the folklore of the Hindu religion, to which ninety per cent adhere. The most impressive demonstration of their feelings, perhaps, was the New Year's celebration at the spring equinox. Traditionally an occasion for cleaning out devils, the ceremony this year was marked by an unusual number of processions as well as staggering offerings of food and flowers. The Balinese, it seemed, were not only exorcising the last remnants of the evil spirit of Communism but were also cleansing themselves of guilt for the killings.

"Whenever anything happens to upset the harmonious life of Bali, we say it was created by devils," explained Tjokorda Rai, a member of a noble Balinese family and head of the provincial department of religious affairs. "We have always purified the earth and given offerings to evil spirits after disasters. We have so many ceremonies now because much blood has been shed with no ceremony at all."

Before the Deluge

The Balinese were slow to respond to the news of the attempted Communist coup in Djakarta on October 1, 1965. It was not until early November, after Communists had shot and killed a police officer, that Balinese began to mobilize against the Communists. Encouraged by a company of red-bereted army paracommandos, the same force that was then engaged in slaughtering Communists in central Java, the leaders of the Nationalist Party organized a campaign to eliminate the influence of Communism from every corner of the island. PNI members burned and looted entire villages, rounding up thousands of suspects. Using lists supplied by the police, villagers worked together at killing their prisoners. One man would stab a victim while another hit him over the head with a rock. "I couldn't believe it," a foreigner who witnessed the bloodbath told me. "One Balinese never killed another alone. It was all community work. The whole village was instructed."

Before that October 1, the Partai Kommunis Indonesia (PKI) appeared to hold the balance of power over its Nationalist rivals on Bali. The governor, Suteja, was openly pro-Communist, and Communists or their sympathizers predominated among schoolteachers and on the faculty of Udayana University in Denpasar. Communists frequently raided Nationalist Party rallies, throwing stones and assaulting PNI members. Confident that all Indonesia would soon be theirs, they boasted that when this happened their enemies would die. For the anti-Communists, who saw Sukarno and the government apparently on the side of their enemies, the only hope seemed to lie in maintaining large political organizations and waiting for their chance.

When it came, the Communists were caught completely by surprise. They were too disorganized to strike back, especially when the Nationalists were accompanied by paracommandos and other members of the armed forces. Also, the PNI had the full backing of Hindu religious leaders and of the island's small Moslem population. "Our religion teaches us not to kill or hurt," said a Hindu priest, "but we felt we had to crush whoever tried to disgrace God."

The disrupting influence of the PKI extended far beyond denigration of religious values. Young Communists sneered at all phases of Balinese culture, from ancient dances to modes of dress, and refused to join in traditional community projects. Village life stagnated in many areas as Communists boycotted construction work, refused to participate in communal rice planting or harvest-

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ing, and disrupted social groups responsible for organizing marriage ceremonies and cremations. They planted their own fields, worked on their own projects, and, oddly enough, sometimes had their own temples.

THE GREAT ENTICEMENT of Communism on Bali, as elsewhere in Indonesia, was land. Communist propagandists had little difficulty luring thousands of Balinese peasants by promising to distribute the holdings of wealthy owners. The PNI scoffed at the government's land-reform law of 1961. It demanded division of even small private holdings among landless peasants and scolded the government for moving too slowly.

But the PKI had a great weakness: it was essentially an alien growth implanted only superficially on a conservative society with centuries of strong traditions. In the end the Communists were defeated because they threatened a radical departure from the orthodox Balinese past. Once the Balinese were aroused, the military leaders discovered that their appetite for revenge was almost insatiable. "In central Java we had to activate the people to fight against the Communists," a paracommando officer told me, "but in Bali we had to slow them down."

An anomaly of the Balinese political situation today is that many Nationalist Party leaders persist in paying lip service to President Sukarno even though he supported the Communists before the coup and refused to outlaw the party afterward. "I feel in a little way the President has fought against the Communists," a PNI leader told me. The basis for his belief was that General Suharto had signed the March 11 order outlawing the PKI in Sukarno's name. "If he let his name be used, he must have approved the order," the official went on, disregarding the fact that Sukarno's palace was surrounded by troops and he had no choice but to yield.

The fact that Sukarno's mother was Balinese has helped to popularize him on the island. The Balinese, a tiny minority in a country of over 100 million people, half of them Javanese and nine-tenths of them Moslem, have always hoped that Sukarno would protect them against outside domination. Actually, he has done little for them. Although he owns a large villa in the mountains and used to visit the island regularly, he has allowed the armed forces to assign Javanese commanders to its military establishment and has not opposed their occasional efforts to spread the influence of Islam among the Hindu population. Local PNI leaders have nonetheless counted on the magic of Sukarno's name to swell the party's membership, which now includes approximately seventy per cent of the electorate. The policy of the PNI in Bali parallels its approach in other parts of the country, particularly central Java, where strict adherence to Sukarnoism has kept millions of members on the party rolls.

AS ELSEWHERE, the issue of Sukarnoism has also had a disruptive effect. By opposing Sukarno, the minority League for Upholders of National Independence, founded by military officers in Djakarta, has consolidated its strength, especially in eastern Bali. It now claims twenty per cent of the island's voters, including a number of former members of the Partai Sosialis Indonesia, outlawed by Sukarno six years ago. The inner councils of the PNI, moreover, have been torn by debate over Sukarno. The result is that the top provincial leadership of the party, while urging nominal allegiance to the President, sometimes recommends that voters not participate at all in discussions "pro and contra Bung Karno."

The primary spokesman for this point of view is Mantik, a prosperous businessman who took over as first chairman of the party in Bali last spring. "Let them quarrel about Sukarno on Java; I would not be willing to fight for him," Mantik said in an interview in his home in Tabanan, fourteen miles northwest of Denpasar. Mantik and his allies believe that Sukarno's influence on Bali is declining. "If Sukarno resigns, not a single Balinese will defend him," he said. "I tell my people every day, 'Whether Sukarno resigns or not, Bali must remain at peace.' "

Because of this pacific line, members of a pro-Sukarno PNI student organization have tried to smear and intimidate Mantik. They may have been secretly supported by the island's pro-Sukarno governor, Merta, who preceded Mantik as provincial PNI chairman. Merta, regarded as an ineffectual administrator, owes his appointment to Sukarno's influence. Reliable sources report that the armed forces are only awaiting an opportune moment to remove him quietly from office, just as they have removed pro-Sukarno governors in Java and elsewhere.

The armed forces, in fact, hold the ultimate power over Bali. Although only three thousand troops are assigned to the island, the military commander, Brigadier General Sukartyo, expects that Governor Merta will follow his "suggestions" to the letter. He also hopes for obedience from the political parties and youth groups, whom he is trying to organize under the broad aegis of the Pantjasila Front, named for the Indonesian state philosophy of belief in God, nationalism, democracy, humanism, and social justice. General Sukartyo has preserved a superficial appearance of calm by outlawing all demonstrations and prohibiting the militant Action Command of Indonesian Students, a power in Djakarta, from forming a chapter on Bali. But the calm may be deceptive.

"The Balinese are confused," Mantik told me. "First they were taught to tolerate Communism and Marxism; then they were told to kill the Communists. A few months ago, they all said 'Long Live Bung Karno!' and now the press tells them he is a bad man. No one knows what is good and what is bad." A nucleus of surviving Communists is believed to have gone underground to reorganize the party. Like many Balinese, Mantik fears a revival of fighting. "At present the Communists are afraid," he said, "but if they get the opportunity they will seek revenge."

The anti-Communists on Bali have maintained their cultural traditions against a severe threat. They have hardly begun, however, to regain the equilibrium and composure that characterized their society. The question today is whether the Balinese can unite and recover sufficiently to resist similar threats in the future.

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The Warren Commission: The Critics and the Law

1. Beyond Reasonable Doubt?

KENNETH GOODALL

INQUEST, by Edward Jay Epstein. *Viking. $5. Bantam. 95 cents.*

RUSH TO JUDGMENT, by Mark Lane. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.*

The *Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy* has failed to dispel the doubts that swept the country and the world in the aftermath of the tragedy three years ago in Dallas. A recent public-opinion poll tells us that the conspiracy theory is very much alive in the minds of Americans, despite the overwhelming credence given to the single-assassin conclusion of the Warren Report when it was issued in September, 1964.

These two books not only have helped to feed the lingering doubts but also have infected persons heretofore immune. Some of the Warren Report's earliest and warmest admirers in the United States and Europe now have decided that their original estimates may have been too hasty. Lord Devlin, a British former judge, praised the report in the March, 1965, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* and said, "On the facts that the Commission brought to light there is no evidence of any accomplice." This fall, after reading Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest*, Lord Devlin wrote in the *Observer*, "the possibility that Oswald had an accomplice cannot be disposed of as neatly and conclusively as the report does," and the Commission itself "was not as potent an instrument for discovering the truth as externally it appeared to be." Alistair Cooke, the *Guardian* correspondent, confessed a similar though deeper change of heart on the basis of a reading of *Inquest* and Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*, which together convinced him that the Commission and the Federal Bureau of Investigation "from start to finish appeared to have a perverse preference for testimony that was contradictory or unreliable or cowed or perjured."

Among others, Alexander M. Bickel, professor of law and legal history at Yale, and *Life* magazine have joined such foreign observers as Cooke and the *Times* of London in calling for a new investigation by either an independent group of qualified men or a government investigative body. And Representative Theodore R. Kupferman (R., New York) is sponsoring a resolution to set up a joint Congressional committee to determine whether the assassination needs further investigation.

FOR ALL the old doubts these two books have reinforced and the new ones they have stirred up, both are inadequate, though in different ways. *Rush to Judgment* is by a man who seems predisposed to discredit the probe. This does not rule out the ultimate validity of Lane's arguments, but it does put them into question in the same fashion in which the arguments of those persons who accept the Warren Report on faith must be examined.

A New York lawyer and a former assemblyman who unsuccessfully attempted to represent Lee Harvey Oswald's interests before the Commission, Lane has earned a reputation as the Commission's most rapacious critic. It is surprising, then, to find in *Rush to Judgment* an air of reasoned calm so out of keeping with the Lane we have heard about that it is tempting to fantasize a second Lane closeted somewhere in the inner sanctum of Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Despite the book's tone, its intended effect is to shock. Lane often seizes on unresolved pieces from the investigation, throws them to the reader as a defense attorney would to a jury, and then, with the sensation created but no point really made, moves on. Lane's book was written after the manner of a brief for the defense of Oswald; as such, it makes some arguments that might well have impressed a jury if Oswald had lived to be tried.

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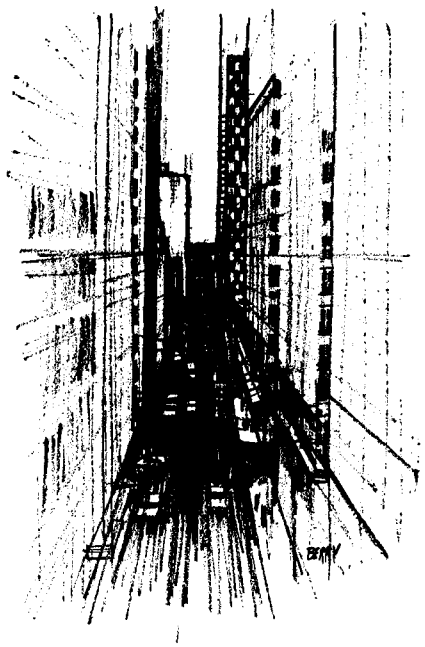
The inadequacy of *Inquest* stems from its origin as a master's thesis in government. It is limited in scope because it is concerned primarily with the inner workings of the Commission in searching out the truth. Nevertheless, Epstein has produced a book that cannot be ignored. His clear presentation of what he considers the Commission's built-in deficiencies helps to explain why the report has been an easy target for attack. Specifically, its authority was vested in seven men with heavy responsibilities elsewhere and much of the work was done by junior counsel, who not only lacked authority but had little direct contact with the commissioners and were under heavy pressure to wind up the probe.

But Epstein does not adequately substantiate the theory by which he accounts for the flaws he finds in the investigation. He suggests that, overcome by a desire to dispel rumors so as to "protect the national interest" and to restore "American prestige abroad," the Commission veered from its proper course of ascertaining the whole truth and instead came up with "political truth." What he is saying behind that euphemism is that the Commission—not by design but from a sense of patriotism—did not wish to probe too deeply into matters that might upset the ship of state. He supports this theory with a single "proof"—the way the commissioners dealt with a secondhand story alleging that Oswald was an FBI informant. The commissioners' action in accepting the FBI's denial rather than tracing this story to its source, Epstein says, proves the "pervasiveness" of their commitment to "the purpose of dispelling damaging rumors," a commitment that could have conflicted with a search for the whole truth. This illustration is hardly sufficient to establish a clear pattern; Epstein, however, interprets many of the Commission's actions on the basis of this theory. Although brevity is Epstein's virtue in contrast to Lane, here it becomes a fault.

Because Epstein's main purpose was to study the inner workings of the Commission, he deals with questions about the assassination itself only to demonstrate how the Commission handled the problems that arose. It happened, however, than in so doing Epstein singled out what has become a crucial point in the determination of whether the Commission was correct in its major conclusions. This is the single-bullet hypothesis advanced by the Commission to explain how Kennedy and Governor John Connally apparently were wounded in less time than Oswald could have fired two shots. The time limits were determined on the basis of the speed of movie film of the assassination taken by Abraham Zapruder, a spectator; on a frame-by-frame analysis of the film's content; and on FBI tests of the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle ordered by Oswald and found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository after the assassination. The Commission decided that all of Connally's wounds and Kennedy's nonfatal neck wound probably were inflicted by a



single bullet found later in a corridor of Parkland Hospital in Dallas. Epstein, from interviews with Commission lawyers and a study of the Commission proceedings, says that this hypothesis was conceived by junior counsel Arlen Specter before the facts were gathered and believes that the facts were then arranged to fit the hypothesis.

The hypothesis was consistent with the Kennedy autopsy report, with the view from the presumed location of the assassin, and with the probable alignment of the positions of Kennedy and Connally. But Epstein points out that it was inconsistent with Governor and Mrs. Connally's testimony (which the Commission acknowledged but discounted), with the majority of the expert testimony on whether all the wounds could have been inflicted by the nearly whole bullet found at the hospital (which Epstein says the Commission ignored), and with the FBI ballistics expert's testimony (which the Commission reported incorrectly). In addition, among the unpublished commission papers stored at the National Archives, Epstein came across two FBI reports on the Kennedy autopsy that said, contrary to the official autopsy itself, that the bullet that entered the President's back did not go through his body, was not still in the body, and probably had fallen out—and thus could not have caused any of Connally's wounds.

Epstein's conclusion that the FBI reports were right and the autopsy findings probably were changed was challenged last month by one of the autopsy doctors, who said the FBI was "simply wrong," and by J. Edgar Hoover, who said the FBI's first report was based on a preliminary medical observation that "probably was in error." He insisted that there was no "conflict" but failed to explain satisfactorily why the FBI's second report, filed three weeks after the FBI received the final findings, repeated the error rather than correcting it.

Epstein does not refute the Commission's lone-assassin conclusion, but his findings cast great doubt on it. Lane goes further, claiming that the evidence and testimony preclude this possibility. He insists that Kennedy and Connally were hit by separate bullets, that a third caused Kennedy's fatal head wound, and that (as the Commission also believed) one bullet missed the limousine. If four shots were fired, Lane argues, two assassins were at work, since Oswald's bolt-action rifle could not accomplish this feat in the established time period.

This argument over the number of shots seems to be a standoff. To maintain its conclusion that all the shots were fired by Oswald from the Book Depository, the Commission had to discount or ignore the testimony of the Connallys, the opinions

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of several doctors and other experts, and the FBI report on the autopsy. Lane, to maintain his argument that a fourth shot was fired and therefore two assassins may have been involved, must reject the official autopsy in favor of the FBI report that contradicts it. He also must ignore the question of what could have prevented a bullet that entered Kennedy's back from continuing through his body. And if, as he implies, an accomplice fired a shot that pierced the President's neck from the front, what happened to that bullet?

TURNING to another question left unanswered by the investigation, Lane suggests that the President's fatal head shot was inflicted from the right front. He says that by maintaining that this shot came from the Book Depository building to the rear, the Commission "implied that the laws of physics vacated in this instance, for the President did not fall forward." A viewing of the Zapruder film at the Archives confirmed the accuracy of Lane's statement that the head shot was followed by a "sudden violent move of the President's body to the left and to the rear." This might have been an involuntary muscular reaction, but how can we know? The Commission apparently never considered this problem; it heard no testimony on it from medical experts or anyone else. But then, neither did Lane.

It has been suggested that doubts about the number and nature of the shots could be cleared up by X rays and photographs taken before and during the Kennedy autopsy at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Much of the criticism of the Warren Commission has centered on its decision not to examine these important pieces of evidence. This decision, combined with complete official silence on their whereabouts, created suspicions that they were being suppressed. These suspicions were heightened after the discovery that the official autopsy report conflicted with the FBI report issued several weeks after the autopsy and with testimony given to the Commission by two Secret Service agents who attended the autopsy. Apparently in an attempt to dispel these doubts, the X rays and photographs were turned over to the National Archives on October 31 at the request of the Justice Department by the Kennedy family, which presumably had them ever since they were exposed three years ago. The New York *Times*, quoting a Justice Department spokesman, reported that the request was made not only to complete the Archives' record of documents relating to the assassination but also as a result of these critical books.

Whatever these photographs show, the tight restrictions placed on them under an agreement between the government and the Kennedy family do not seem likely to diminish the suspicions of the critics. Although the first reports of the Justice Department's action gave the impression that any Federal investigative agent would be permitted to see them, this is not the case. Deputy Archivist James B. Rhoads told me that for the lifetime of President Kennedy's immediate family, including his children, the X rays and photographs will be freely available only to official investigators of any Federal body that might be established to look further into the assassination. After five years, medical scientists approved by the Kennedy family may also see them.

EVEN IF the one-assassin question were settled, others have been raised about the evidence against Oswald. For example, Lane claims that the investigation failed to prove that Oswald, who ordered the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle under an assumed name, actually carried it into the Texas School Book Depository on November 22. To support his charge that the report distorted testimony, Lane cites a passage from the report saying that a fellow employee "believed" he saw Oswald coming to work that morning and "does not remember that Oswald had anything in his hands." Lane then reproduces the testimony, in which the employee actually said that he definitely saw Oswald enter the building that morning and that Oswald positively did not have anything in his hands.

Some defenders of the Commission have answered such arguments by saying that Lane and Epstein are merely seizing on inadequacies in the writing of the report to attack the conduct of the investigation. This argument sounds plausible; but is it really possible to separate the investigation from the report, as if the same psychological forces that may have led the writer of the report to change the nuances of this employee's testimony could not also have been at work in the planning and execution of the investigation?

Although the sixty-five X rays and photographs might help to erase the doubts surrounding the single-bullet hypothesis, they cannot be seen by an independent group of investigators at least until 1971 and possibly for a generation. Neither does it seem likely that Representative Kupferman's resolution has much of a future. Four of the Warren Commission's seven members were (and still are) powerful and respected Senators and Representatives, and approval of Kupferman's resolution would amount to a censure of these men. The only other possibility—that President Johnson might appoint a new commission or recall the Warren group for a further probe—seemed to have been ruled out by the President himself last month at a news conference when he said, "I know of no evidence that would in any way cause any reasonable person to have a doubt about the Warren Commission. . . ."

Indeed, Lane and other critics seem to have gone about as far as possible in building a case against the conclusions of the Warren Report unless they take up the challenge of Allen Dulles, a member of the Commission: "If they've found another assassin, let them name names and produce their evidence." However, these books have drawn other responses that indicate another round in the debate is coming up. Most significantly, Wesley J. Liebeler, acting professor at the UCLA Law School, who was an assistant counsel to the Commission, is writing a book that he says will do what neither the Warren Report nor its critics did—set forth "both sides objectively . . . in one short, concise place so that the readers can then make up their own minds." In the unlikely event that any book can fulfill this promise, the Liebeler volume cannot appear soon enough.

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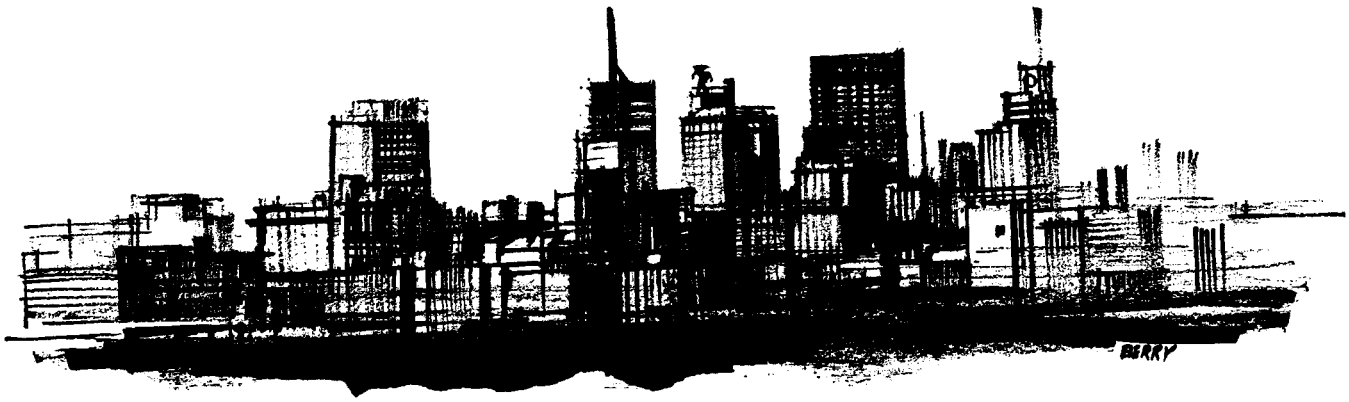

2. Legal Ignorance And False Logic

A. L. GOODHART, Q.C.

"If the Warren Commission had allowed Mr. Lane to contest their evidence before judgment, there would have been no need of his book." So writes Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper of Oxford University in an introduction to Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*.

Mr. Lane, a New York lawyer, had claimed to act as counsel for Oswald before the Commission, having been retained by Oswald's mother. The Commission, in refusing his application, emphasized that it was an investigating body, so that the adversary system of an ordinary trial would not be suitable.

In support of his claim to represent the dead Oswald, Mr. Lane in his book cites the English law. After saying that the "denial of counsel to the deceased was an act both unprecedented and unfair," he writes: "In England the rule of law is perhaps better understood and the role of counsel better appreciated. A Royal Commission engaged in hearings to determine the innocence or guilt of one deceased as a matter of course provides that counsel for the family may participate fully and without reservations, and such counsel would not be heard to disclaim his function as an advocate."

This statement is both utter nonsense and completely false. There never has been such a trial, and there never has been such an appointment.

A similar question did arise in England in 1962, when a tribunal was appointed under the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act, 1921, to hear the Vassall Affair. Vassall, a clerk in the Admiralty, had been convicted of spying for the Russians, and there were many rumors concerning the favors that he was said to have received from high Admiralty officials. After the matter had been raised in Parliament by Mr. Gaitskell, the Leader of the Opposition, the Prime Minister (Mr. Macmillan) announced the appointment of a tribunal with Lord Radcliffe as chairman, saying that the flow of rumor had long passed the point of tolerance.

When the hearings began, Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C. (now Lord Chancellor), applied that legal representation to take part in all sessions should be accorded to Mr. Gaitskell; similarly Lord Carrington, First Lord of the Admiralty, applied for full representation as he was impliedly one of the accused. Both applications were refused by Lord Radcliffe, who pointed out that this was an investigation at which the applicants could give evidence, but that they could not claim the right to cross-examine the other witnesses. This was obviously good sense because otherwise all the other witnesses would be entitled to ask for the same representation; the result would be chaos.

The ruling that Mr. Lane had no right to represent the dead Oswald and cross-examine all the other witnesses did not, of course, prevent him from presenting to the Commission any evidence he wished, especially in regard to the existence of the alleged conspiracy on which the whole of his book is based. He did so on two occasions when giving evidence.

In his introduction, Professor Trevor-Roper says: "We have to admit that we lack confidence in the evidence submitted to the Commission and the Commission's handling of it." Others may take a different view when they compare Lane's statements in this book with the Report and the transcript of the evidence.

The Commission concluded that the President was killed by two bullets fired from a six-story window in a building the motorcade had just passed. The assassin was Lee Harvey Oswald, who an hour later killed Police Officer Tippit, who was patrolling the streets in a car in search of anyone resembling the description of the assassin that was being broadcast by the police. Two days after his arrest Oswald was shot dead by Jack Ruby, but there was no evidence that the latter acted with any other person in the killing.

Mr. Lane disputes all these conclusions. There is, he says, compelling evidence that the President was

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struck by two bullets, one fired from the building, which hit him in the back of his head, and another fired from a knoll in the opposite direction a hundred yards away, which entered the front of his throat. The official autopsy, which said that both bullets entered from the back, had been intentionally falsified. The killer in the building was not Oswald, but some unidentified man who had been placed there by unidentified conspirators with the connivance of the Dallas police. The man who shot Tippit was some unidentified man acting for the Dallas police, who were afraid that he might disclose some adverse evidence.

Trevor-Roper says that "there is no evidence at all to explain how or why the Dallas police instantly pounced on Oswald," but he fails to state that the police radio alert had described the assassin as being "white, slender, weighing about 165 pounds, about 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and in his early thirties." This was an almost exact description of Oswald. Finally Mr. Lane suggests that Ruby killed Oswald so as to prevent him from giving evidence to prove his own innocence.

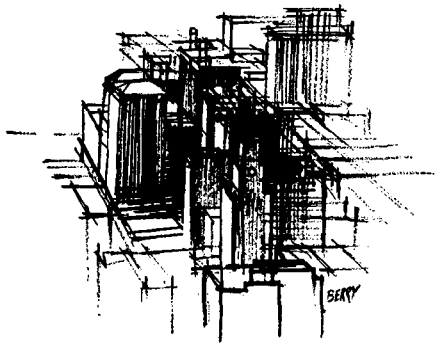
The question of confidence on which Professor Trevor-Roper rightly insists can be best answered by referring to three major points dealt with by Mr. Lane in his book, and comparing his presentation with the transcript of the evidence published by the Commission.

THE FIRST POINT concerns Mr. Lane's own evidence in regard to the alleged conspiracy. On March 4, 1964, when Mr. Lane first appeared, he said: "I would like to request that this portion of the hearing, in any event, be opened to the public." The Chief Justice answered that he had the same right "as any witness would have to request that." (Of the 552 witnesses who gave evidence, he was the only one who asked for this form of publicity.)

Mr. Lane began with a lengthy complaint concerning a photograph which he said had been doctored by some newspapers, although this did not concern the Commission. He then requested the Commission to investigate a "series of most unusual coincidences," the suggestion being that the Dallas police were responsible for the murder of a number of potential witnesses, two of them in California.

He then stated that "the reporters from foreign countries" had been surprised that the airports had not been closed, roadblocks placed on the streets, and all trains stopped and searched after the assassination. What such a complete embargo on all movement would have accomplished when no one knew what to search for was not explained.

It was not until nearly the end of his "testimony" that Mr. Lane said that he had been informed that a week before the assassination Patrolman Tippit and a right-wing carpet salesman from New York



named Weissman, who later published an insulting advertisement concerning the President on the morning of the assassination, had met Ruby at his Carousel Club.

When asked for the name of his informant Mr. Lane refused to give it, as he had promised him not to disclose it. He said, however, that he would try to obtain his permission as soon as possible. Nothing further happened for nearly four months, although the Commission sent repeated requests to him.

Then, as the work of the Commission was drawing to an end, Mr. Lane left for England because "I felt it important that somehow the American people be informed about what is taking place, and I found that practically the only way to inform the American people is to speak in Europe." The Commission was, however, so anxious to have him testify that it offered to pay for his return passage. He accepted this, but when he appeared before the Commission in June he again refused to give his informant's name.

The Chief Justice then said: "We have every reason to doubt the truthfulness of what you have heretofore told us. . . . If you can tell us . . . who gave you that information, so that we may test their veracity, then you have performed a service to this Commission. But until you do you have done nothing but handicap us." Mr. Lane replied that he was prepared to give "information," but not his sources. This must be the first time in history that a Chief Justice of the United States has deliberately accused a lawyer of telling an untruth.

Mr. Lane has now given further information in this book. He first heard of the meeting from a journalist who had obtained his information from a "widely respected" visitor to Ruby's club. The visitor went there frequently because one of the dancers was his girl friend. She became pregnant. As he was a married man he did not wish his visits to attract attention.

Mr. Lane felt in honor bound to respect his wishes even though no reference to the girl friend need have been made before the Commission. In England Mr. Lane would have been sent to prison if he had refused the Commission's demand for an answer.

THE SECOND POINT relating to confidence is raised by Mr. Lane's chapter entitled "Ruby's Testimony," in which the visit of the Commission to Dallas to interview Ruby is described. Mr. Lane says that "The Government [*sic*] seems to have been reluctant to let Ruby testify. When at last he did, it was manifestly reluctant to question him. . . ."

This statement is literally true, but its implication that the Commission was trying to hide something is completely false. Every competent lawyer knows that when an accused person has been arrested he must not be asked any questions the answers to which might tend to incriminate him. Chief Justice Warren, therefore, went out of his way not to press Ruby for an answer because, as he said, "I know you do have this case which is not yet finished, and I wouldn't jeopardize your position by trying to insist that you testify."

At his trial in the Texas court,

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Ruby had been found guilty of murdering Oswald and had been sentenced to death, but his new lawyer was trying to prove that Ruby was guilty only of manslaughter as he had acted without premeditation under an overwhelming emotion. It was this that Ruby repeated again and again.

Mr. Lane argues that he should have been cross-examined by the Commission, which failed to make "the proper efforts." He says that "the most egregious omission of all, perhaps, is that he [Ruby] was not asked whether he had received any assistance in entering the basement of the Dallas Police Building on November 24."

If Ruby had answered this in the affirmative he would have sealed his own death warrant, because it would have proved that he had taken part in a conspiracy. The question could have had no other purpose. It would have been contrary to all the principles on which the Chief Justice has insisted in the recent Supreme Court cases concerning the protection of accused persons against involuntary interrogations.

Equally misleading is Mr. Lane's statement that Ruby thought that "if he told all he knew to the Commission he would lose his life in the Dallas jail." It is true that Ruby did say that he would lose his life in Dallas, but it is clear that he was talking about the threats made by the John Birch Society. After saying that his sisters would be killed, he added, "Chief Warren, your life is in danger in this city, do you know that?"

The whole point of Ruby's testimony was that he wanted to go to Washington to be given a lie-detector test which would prove that he had told the truth when he said that he had acted on the spur of the moment. He concluded: "I had the gun in my right hip pocket, and impulsively, if that is the correct word here, I saw him, and that is all I can say. And I didn't care what happened to me." Ruby seems to have been a better lawyer than Mr. Lane.

THE THIRD TEST of confidence can be found in Mr. Lane's chapter "The Testimony of Nancy Perrin Rich," which he regards as the "most revealing and important." That lady, who had been Ruby's former barmaid, testified that she and her then husband attended a dinner given by an unnamed colonel. They were offered $10,000 to pilot a gun-running boat to Cuba, but there was "some hitch" about the money arriving.

At that moment Ruby entered the room. He had a bulge "where his breast pocket would be." The colonel and he went into another room, and when they came out the bulge was gone. Everybody seemed to be happy, "so it was my impression," Mrs. Rich said, "Ruby brought money in."

Mr. Lane feels that this testimony showed Ruby's "involvement in international politics." He is bitterly critical of the Commission because it "did not publish one word of the testimony." Most of Mr. Lane's other criticisms in this book are of similar caliber.

WHEN WE TURN to Edward Jay Epstein's book, *Inquest*, we find that he agrees with the Commission that Oswald shot the President, but he holds that "very substantial evidence indicated the presence of a second assassin" who was probably a "loner" like Oswald. The Commission failed to notice this extraordinary coincidence because its "investigation was by no means exhaustive or even thorough."

Mr. Epstein, who is a young research student much interested in psychology, has an ingenious explanation for what he considers to be the Commission's unsatisfactory report. There was, he says, a dualism in purpose when the Commission was appointed. "If the explicit purpose of the Commission was to ascertain and expose the facts, the implicit purpose was to protect the national interest by dispelling rumors."

This is obvious because, as Mr. Macmillan said when appointing the Vassall Tribunal, unchecked rumors may hurt the national morale. But Mr. Epstein then takes a second step which vitiates his entire book. He says that "the Commission's implicit purpose would dictate that the rumor be dispelled regardless of the fact that it was true." He therefore says that "the conclusions of the Warren Report must be viewed as expressions of political truth." By a "political truth" he means a falsehood which is told in the supposed interest of the public.

This is psychology run mad. The suggestion that the Chief Justice of the United States and the six members of his Commission would deliberately falsify the records and issue a misleading report so as to save the American public from a shock is incredible. It is not surprising that, based on this false premise, Mr. Epstein's interpretation of the evidence is almost as twisted as is that of Mr. Lane, although they disagree with each other on most points.

The most important matter discussed in Mr. Epstein's book is the critical question whether a single bullet could have struck both the President and Governor Connally. He says that "there was evidence that all but precluded the possibility that both men had been hit by the same bullet," but if there was such evidence which escaped the notice of the Commission and its staff, it is not included in this book.

In the introduction, Mr. Richard Rovere says that "the Warren Commission was itself divided on this crucial matter," but this is an error. The Commission found that "the shots which killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally were fired by Lee Harvey Oswald," but that "it is not necessary to any essential findings of the Commission to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally."

The majority of the Commission thought that it was more likely that it was the same shot as hit the President, while the minority thought that it was more likely that it was a separate one, but neither group held that the other must be wrong. It was a choice between two possibilities. The "crucial matter," which Mr. Rovere says that Mr. Epstein "brought to light here for the first time," did not, therefore, exist.

In his introduction, Mr. Rovere, when referring to the previous books on the Warren Report, says that "most of the published attacks on it were transparently malicious or ignorant." There seems to be no reason why the present books should not be included in the same category.

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A Plea for the Vieille Vague

SAREL EIMERL

SAN FRANCISCO is physically so beautiful that it seems to demand that the artistry of man should equal that of nature. It should be, one feels it must be, a center of culture, an amphitheatre for the arts. Unfortunately it isn't. As anyone who lives there very soon comes to realize, San Francisco is simply an average American city that happens to be situated in a location of singular beauty. Except for the opera, the music is no better than can be heard in Cincinnati or Houston. The art displays in the museums and galleries are pitifully thin, the bookstores are inadequate, and the local theatrical productions inept. All this is naturally galling to those among the citizenry who feel that the city should live up to its setting, and ten years ago a group of gallant fighters in the cause inaugurated a film festival that was designed to help put San Francisco where it belongs, in the center of the cultural map.

The idea was an inspired one. Film festivals come cheap; they cost, I would guess, little more than the price of a full-time string quartet. They attract paying visitors, and they also provide an excellent excuse for parties at which the local swells can mingle with luminaries imported from filmland. This year the pageant included twenty-one new feature-length films and afternoon discussions with half a dozen distinguished directors and Fred Astaire, and for ten days it dominated the entertainment, society, and fashion pages of the local press.

The festival got off to a racing start when Mrs. Shirley Temple Black resigned from the film-selection committee in protest against the inclusion of the Swedish film *Night Games*. She was opposed, she said, to censorship, but she was also opposed to pornography. Her gesture came at a singularly appropriate moment, for this year the California ballot included a proposition, the CLEAN (California League Enlisting Action Now) amendment, which would have permitted private citizens to bring suit against any district attorney who refused to take action against any work that any private citizen judged obscene. CLEAN's opponents had a lot of fun with the proposition. They pointed out that if it passed, a D.A. who refused to prosecute the authors and distributors of the Song of Solomon or the California criminal statutes would be liable to find himself in jail. And perhaps their arguments had some effect. Although the pollsters had assured us that it would pass, the proposition was defeated. But the pollsters did prove right in their prophecy that one of the heaviest votes against it would come from San Francisco.

For San Francisco has inherited from the lusty gold prospectors who settled it a proud attachment to freedom of thought and action, especially in matters connected with sex. It was the breeding ground of the beats who maintained that promiscuous sex is O.K. It guarantees to restaurant owners the freedom to make money by having drinks served by topless waitresses. And the city's tolerance for human frailty is so resolute that the tenderloin area has become a Mecca for huddled masses of ladies, yearning to breathe free, who have emigrated there from the puritanical wastelands of Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit, and other points east.

THE OPENING NIGHT of the film festival revealed the power of those public-spirited and patriotic defenders of the First Amendment whom Mrs. Black had dared to challenge. It was a black-tie affair and a fine night for couturiers and girl watchers who were able to feast their eyes not only on the bared shoulders and grotesque hairdos of the local belles but also on Miss Carroll Baker, who appeared on stage starkers above the waist except for the usual formalities. Rendered blasé by topless waitresses, the opening-night customers were unimpressed by what Miss Baker had to offer. The same could hardly be said of the other most celebrated import from Hollywood, Miss Jayne Mansfield. She fell asleep after dinner and did not make the opening but, to jump ahead a little, she did appear at the auditorium later in the week, clad only, according to the general chairman of the festival, "in a G string and a pair of Chihuahuas." She was banned from further appearances at the festival on the grounds that she lowered the tone.

There seemed no satisfying the city's culture lovers, and they were also united in opposition to Mr. Jack Warner, who was honored on opening night for his outstanding contributions to the cinematic art. Mr. Warner delivered a rambling and largely incoherent speech (for which he later apologized) that was devoted mainly to a violent attack

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on Communism. It was the wrong prejudice to exhibit in front of the First Amendment crowd, and it provoked a fair sprinkling of boos and catcalls. Returning to his notes, Mr. Warner remarked with feeling that he had left his heart in San Francisco.

A bellow from the press section: "And you left your mind in Los Angeles."

Mr. Warner, peering over his spectacles: "Somebody out there is giving me the goose."

It seemed too much to expect that this tone of joyous vulgarity could be maintained throughout the evening. But we were in luck, for the festival authorities had selected as the opening-night attraction *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, a compilation of dirty jokes roughly adapted from the works of Plautus and constructed around procurement and virility potions. A good time was had by all, and when the show was over, we trooped happily across Nob Hill to a gala party at the Fairmont Hotel, there to eat scrambled eggs, sneer at Mr. Warner, and argue about Carroll Baker's bosom.

After that we settled down to the serious business of the festival. The selection committee was saddled with the formidable task of choosing twenty-one films that had not been shown commercially in the United States, and as Hollywood is reluctant to co-operate (its entries having been consistent losers in the competitive festivals at Cannes and Venice), the committee had to depend almost entirely on foreign offerings. Considering the circumstances, the general level of the films was fairly high, and I found the whole enterprise interesting and worthwhile. The criticisms to come are aimed not at the festival but at certain characteristics of the contemporary art film that the festival necessarily reflected.

FOUR FILMS deserved special praise. The Danish entry "*17*" is a lively romp about the introduction of a seventeen-year-old boy to the gratifications of sex. *The Power Game*, a Swiss film adapted by Friedrich Duerrenmatt from one of his own plays, is a high-style sardonic farce, decorated with a very elaborate comic plot and many witty lines, about the fate that awaits idealists who venture into politics: they either get shot or end up in lunatic asylums. *Young Torless*, a German movie based on a novel which Robert Musil published in 1906, is a harrowing psychological drama about sadism and the passive reaction to it, all bathed in a nauseous wash of Teutonic metaphysics, in an Austrian military academy. And *Hunger*, another Danish film, is a psychological study of a proud and ambitious writer who is convinced of his superior talents. These are obvious traits to assign to a writer, but the film is exceptionally effective because, rather in the manner of Dostoevsky, it presents the writer in a state of extreme excitation, induced by near starvation, so that his occupational writer's traits protrude like the bones of a starving man.

I select these four films for special mention not only for their quality but also because each of them illustrated characteristics that were to dominate the festival. "*17*" exemplified the obsession with sex—a point I will return to later. *The Power Game* represented what appears to be a general assumption among the people who make art films: that society is ruled exclusively by the selfish, the stupid, and the corrupt. And *Young Torless* and *Hunger* were both examples of the emphasis that was to be placed on the study of psychology rather than on the narrative of action, and especially on the psychology of such mental states as sadism and insanity (*Fists in the Pocket*—Italian), of psychopathic revenge (*Captive's Island*—Japanese), and of hatred (*The Hunt*—Spanish).

THE FORCES that since the Second World War have been sweeping novels and films down into the furnaces of hell in its various forms have now grown so overpowering that it seems pointless to struggle against them. Writers and directors alike appear to have been infected with a distorted narcissism that keeps them preoccupied with human ugliness and misery. One can only wait until the disease has run its course and the artists return to a healthier and more balanced view of the human condition. However, watching twenty-one art movies in eleven days concentrates a man's mind wonderfully, and the experience convinced me that the disease

Christmas Letter to a Friend on Mars

Battened down, bolted tight
by the iron freeze,
we ride the winter out
under our reefed trees.

Rimed by the snow wave,
this hull-down hemisphere
heels like a derelict
rounding the old year.

Off capes of shrunken sun,
off horns of riptide night,
look for our leafless masts,
watch for our running light.

—NANCY PRICE

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has reached a more advanced stage than I had supposed. It also persuaded me that, to quote from an essay by Cyril Connolly: "I should like to see an enormous extension of the censorship—not simply libel and obscenity would be taboo but whole landscapes, whole strata of our civilization, would become unmentionable."

My censorship would include:

Forbidden mental states: sadism, masochism, Oedipus and Electra complexes, lust for sex, revenge, and success; paranoia, transvestism, impotence, nymphomania, epilepsy, schizophrenia, and satyriasis.

Forbidden characters: all psychotics and neurotics, obviously; cripples; prostitutes with or without hearts of gold; sexual deviates; derelicts; pretty boys who are losing their innocence; men who have sacrificed their integrity for money; and everybody who has lost his faith—in anything.

Forbidden spectacles: husbands and wives quarreling; funerals; pieces of meat hanging in butchers' shops, especially when crawling with vermin; beatings of any kind; men with their hands on women's breasts or reaching up their legs; all people in bed, whether engaged in sloth, invalidism, or sex; and poverty-stricken, uninhibited Italian peasants, sitting around groaning tables, eating with their fingers and laughing uproariously—a situation which is presumably intended to make the point that while the poor may not be happy, they are at least more vital than the rich, a point that I for one fiercely dispute.

THE FESTIVAL further persuaded me that the censorship should also embrace certain cinematic techniques that have come into vogue to help us comprehend the psychiatric case histories we are condemned to sit through these days. I would like to ban all dream and fantasy sequences, and all flashbacks into revealing moments in the formative early years of childhood. And I would also like to ban what, for want of a better word, I shall describe as the impressionist approach to making films.

Let us take the case, all too common, of a movie about a frustrated wife (the festival's contribution to this body of work was a Dutch film, *The Dance of the Heron*). How does the director make clear her frustration? He photographs her proceeding, in a state close either to the hysterical or the catatonic, through a series of scenes unrelated by any story line, in which she is shown being fed up with her husband, making advances to some other man, caressing her bosom, so delectable and so unappreciated, and complaining to some confidante that her life is empty. "Aha," says the viewer to himself. "I get the point. We have here a frustrated wife. Now what happens?" But nothing does, which sums up my objections to the impressionist movie.

The impressionist approach, with its indifference to—or contempt for—story and dramatic incident, is frequently rendered all the more oppressive by the art movie's adamantine adherence to two assumptions that directors like Antonioni and Satyajit Ray have bequeathed to us. The first is that some useful purpose can be served by protracted—and I mean protracted—shots of characters performing the routine actions of everyday life: shaving, making tea, stubbing out a cigarette. The second and related assumption is that every situation can be most effectively and artistically treated at a funereal pace, with the camera carefully drawing our attention to every shift of the eye, every twitch of the eyebrow, every gnaw on the lip.

I see no reason to sit and watch a cinematic study of an actor stubbing out a cigarette when I could be watching myself doing the same thing at home, more comfortably and more cheaply. Nor do I understand what benefit is to be derived

Flight

We filed in, sat down to read by small
dusty windows. The seats reclined
with the passengers. Nobody seemed to mind
when the plane revved up, screamed at the sight
(I thought) of so much sky, and then all
at once earth tipped, was gone;
we had cocktails, dined.
Through the dirty glass, at the bottom of the light,
dark as a sea floor under scudding, froth-white
clouds, I thought I saw a world, but lamps went on,
we riffled magazines, had sandwiches, began to fall
sidewise, slipped as a fish might
down fathoms of afternoon, a refined
voice asked would we be so kind
as to fasten seat belts? and the beautiful, bright
bottom of the sky rose, we drowned right
into it, yawning, and lined
up for baggage, or tickets, or the next flight.

—NANCY PRICE

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from having my attention kept focused for long periods on an actor apparently thinking, when the director has omitted to let me into the secret of what he is thinking about. Although the details would have to be worked out more carefully, I therefore propose as a general guideline the banning of all scenes in which no character either speaks or makes physical contact with another character for more than, say, ten seconds.

To the censorship list I would add: ending movies with a still shot; panning the camera across empty fields and uninhabited rocks; and abrupt switches from serious narrative into farce—a technique intended, I guess, to communicate the director's discovery that life is irrational and the human mind complex, but which strikes me as gratuitous cinematic stunting.

I don't want to sit through any more sermons for which entertainment prices are charged and which preach the lesson that cruelty and bigotry are bad but that, on the other hand, kindness and tolerance are good, because I already know that. Nor do I want to be subjected to movies dedicated to elucidating general propositions about life, such as "the need for money makes people spineless" (*The Great City*—Indian), or "in the lives of the unsuccessful, daydreams often become a substitute for reality" (*The Nameless Star*—Romanian), or "all of us wear masks to conceal our true identity" (*The Face of Another*—Japanese).

THIS LAST MOVIE took a little over two hours to make its point, and while praying for it to end, I was granted a sudden insight into the principal cause, apart from subservience to fashion, that has made the art film what it is today. *The Face of Another* was about a man who had been so badly burned that he was condemned to spend the rest of his life with his face swathed in bandages. His wife loves him but when he suddenly lunges at her, she ducks away. Convinced that she is physically repelled by his bandages, the man goes to a plastic surgeon who makes him a mask that he can put on and take off, thereby permitting him to live two separate existences. He can be the victim with the bandaged face or he can be a handsome, dashing young blood. "What are you going to do with the mask?" asks the surgeon. "I shall use it," replies the man, "to seduce my wife. I am going to get back what belongs to me." "Ah," murmurs the surgeon, "a dangerous triangle."

We had there the makings of a first-rate drama. But what happened? There was one good scene of the masked man seducing his wife, who guesses that the seducer is really her husband, but after that the film degenerates into a philosophical essay about the problems of identity. Now to offer observations on this subject is extremely easy; one has only to crib them from the most recent batch of prize-winning novels. To invent a good story about the dangerous triangle would have been vastly more difficult, and here, I believe, we can discern the genesis of most of the items on my list of techniques that should be forbidden. Thinking up an interesting story, with a sufficient number of dramatic incidents, is the single most difficult task of the novelist or scriptwriter. It is much easier to photograph a collection of episodes (the impressionist technique) than to invent a tight, dramatic narrative. It is much easier to let the camera linger on a man looking out of the window than to compose good dialogue. In my view, the current obsession with mood and psychology and the demeaning of plot and action have inflicted serious damage on the cinema. And I suggest that the root cause of this damage is that most of the writers and directors who are making movies in the Antonioni-Satyajit Ray tradition are, albeit unconsciously, using the kind of techniques I have been describing as a convenient way to duck the really challenging problems of creation.

This year the festival introduced the happy idea of showing excerpts, during the afternoons, from the work of John Huston, George Cukor, Mark Robson, and a few other imaginative Hollywood directors, and many of those excerpts added up to a telling commentary on another unfortunate disease that has infected the cinema. Enjoying selections from old Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies and from the comedies of manners, such as my own favorite, *The Philadelphia Story*, that provided so much fun during the 1930's and 1940's, and comparing them to the new movies we saw in the evenings, I was swept by a keen nostalgia for a gaiety and an innocence that the modern cinema has either lost or deliberately abandoned. Once its conventions have been accepted, one can easily believe that the events in *The Philadelphia Story* could have occurred. But we are no longer permitted such amiable assumptions. Today, it seems, comedy must be clearly labeled as fantasy, as if film makers are afraid to be discovered implying that life could possibly be an entertaining spectacle. So far as I can comprehend the current canons of artistry, they decree that we are permitted to enjoy, or even to admire, comedies only on condition that they are self-consciously farce, spoof, or camp. Even comedies about plausible situations, such as *The Knack*, or about real people (the Beatles) are presented as a collation of bizarreries. In short, it is all right for us to laugh, or, as is more likely, to titter, so long as we do not for one moment allow ourselves to be deluded into believing that the gaiety and fun on the screen have anything to do with reality.

THE PRICE that has been exacted by this new-found sophistication can be measured by the length of the journey from *The Philadelphia Story* to *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. It is a long journey and downhill all the way from the cheerful enjoyment of innocent fun to the lewd chortle of the voyeur, and every step of that journey has been marked by an increasing dependence on the shocking and the sensational, in both subject matter and technique. Now sensationalism is an addictive drug, which requires that one take increasing doses to maintain the same level of response, and every year, so it seems to me, audiences need more violent sensations to keep them satisfied.

All of which brings us back to the question of obscenity that came to a head in the debate over *Night Games*. It is a revolting movie,

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not morally but aesthetically, about a man who was in love with his mother but whose passion, alas, was not returned. He grows up impotent and marries a woman who closely resembles his mother, and who labors to cure him through the purity of her love. *Night Games* is a banality because the Freudian theme is so wretchedly old hat. Its absurd pretentiousness can be judged by the presence of lines like "She is the resurrection and the life" (repeated several times in hushed, reverent tones by the husband about his wife). And it is obscene because . . . well, in one scene the mother is shown caressing the body of her young son. "You will make many women happy. You must be tender with them but a little bit cruel." Driven almost berserk by frustrated desire, the poor little brat's emotions become all too obvious, on perceiving which, his mother falls into a violent tizzy and beats the hell out of him.

WHILE it is difficult to decide which elements in *Night Games* are the most repellent, there is no questioning the qualities that made it a sellout two hours after the box office opened and prompted a local cinema to book it for immediate exhibition. If there had been any doubts, they would have been dispelled by the festival audience's reaction to the few scenes which marred "*17*," and which came closer to portraying the sexual act than any I have previously seen in any film open to the public. One of those scenes showed the boy lying pooped out on top of his girl. It contained four lines of mildly amusing dialogue and I do not believe that I shall ever forget the reaction they provoked. I have seen audiences helpless with laughter in the theatre and, more rarely, in the cinema, but I have never heard laughter quite like that which swept the Masonic Auditorium on the evening of October 29, 1966. It rippled and swelled, growing louder and more shrill with each line until it took on a note almost of ecstasy. It was as if we were all peeping through an enormous keyhole, reveling over the antics of a couple who believed themselves to be alone. But when I offered this comment to the lady who had accompanied me, she replied that she

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Two major organizations have been set up in this country to help Florence. Contributions for the restoration of art treasures should be sent to the **Committee to Rescue Italian Art, Inc., Drawer Box K, New York 10021.** Those who want to aid the people directly may contribute to the **Florentine Relief Fund, Inc., Suite 3015, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.**

Donations to either organization are tax-deductible.

couldn't see anything wrong with voyeurism if it gave people pleasure. And this, **obviously, is** the principal issue raised by Mrs. Black's protest.

When he introduced "*17*," the director of the festival remarked that although some people might find it shocking, he felt that San Francisco was ready for it. San Francisco today, tomorrow the world. Very soon, I suspect, the camera will slip down a couple of feet until we can all sit, several hundred strong, and watch the entire action in wide-screen Technicolor. Some of the people who disagreed with Mrs. Black, smugly basking in their sense of superior sophistication, chose to ridicule her as a grown woman still afflicted with moral standards appropriate to a six-year-old child star. Presumably they believe there is nothing objectionable about mass voyeurism. Personally, I consider it a surrender to vulgar sensationalism, tasteless, unhealthy, and, what is most irritating, as boring as the reigning obsessions with sadistic beatings, sexual deviation, insanity, and despair. I am wholeheartedly in sympathy with Mrs. Black except that I think attempting to prevent the exhibition of films like *Night Games* is a serious tactical error. Ideally, every movie and television screen should be filled exclusively with films about pimps, whores, sadists, transvestites, and homosexuals, all of them psychologically profound and photographed in slow motion, until the public is sated, as it finally became sated with hour-long comedy shows, Westerns, and Perry Mason. Then perhaps we would be able to go back to watching superficial, simple-minded, unartistic, *vieille vague, le cinéma non-vérité* movies, with stories, like *Children of Paradise, On the Waterfront,* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

Wyeth's World

HENNIG COHEN

Andrew Wyeth of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania (pop. 300), and Cushing, Maine (pop. 130), is the best known painter in America. His work commands the highest prices, and his expected output for the next twenty years (three or four major pictures annually) is said to be already under option to private collectors. He is written about in *Woman's Day* and hangs in the Museum of Modern Art. Wherever he is exhibited, record crowds pack the galleries. Hence the Wyeth show now at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia and scheduled to be seen in Baltimore, New York, and Chicago through the winter and spring is both an artistic event and a phenomenon.

By far the most comprehensive Wyeth exhibition to date, it consists of 222 works in tempera, watercolor, and dry brush, with some preliminary studies in ink and pencil. The earliest dates from 1938; the most recent was completed this year. Yet despite its scope the show seems graceful and intimate, partly because tempera and watercolors, though no less exacting, are less pretentious than oil and less apt to put one at a dis-

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tance, but also because a neighborly atmosphere clings to the show.

Wyeth has lived all his forty-nine years just beyond the suburbs of Philadelphia on Baltimore Pike, and those who had a key role in the exhibition tend to call him Andy. His presence is very much felt. He lent a hand in the selection and hanging of the pictures and furnished useful information for the exhibition's sensitive catalogue. The Academy itself also helps. Even with a recent scrubbing that reveals its late Victorian splendor, it retains a lived-in quality. Still, I am sure that this sense of intimacy will survive the shift of setting to the marble halls of the Chicago Art Institute and the bland efficiency of the new Whitney Museum in New York by virtue of Wyeth's precision of style, the particularity of his subject matter, and the compelling attraction of his principal theme—the elemental dignity of man which transcends his inevitable doom.

ANDREW WYETH'S father, N. C. Wyeth, was a skillful illustrator who carefully cultivated his son's considerable talent. "Andy," he once said, "I want you to learn to draw so well that when you want to express yourself you won't fumble." As a result of this apprenticeship, Wyeth's rare fumbles are never made for want of craftsmanship or feeling for his subject but from an excess of both, from expressing so much that there is nothing more to be said.

Wyeth's sharp-focus realism is easily apprehended. There is a nice little shock of recognition, a homeliness and a vernacular character like one of Robert Frost's New England poems, or, less kindly, like one of Whittier's. The attraction is reinforced by respect for painstaking craftsmanship. In short, Wyeth's immediate appeal is basically nostalgia for a simple life that we like to think preceded the urban, technological, unsentimental present.

Edgar P. Richardson in the catalogue makes the important point that virtually every picture "takes its departure from something seen in Chadds Ford or in Cushing," and goes to unusual lengths to provide a context of precise locale and personality. The subjects are almost ex-

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clusively the landscape and inhabitants of about four miles of the Brandywine Valley and a like stretch along the Georges River in Maine, painted again and again, at a distance and in close proximity, from different perspectives, through different years and seasons. He sometimes strips the scene of extraneous details, reducing it to the essentials, and manages to remove himself, to allow the spectator an intimacy in his own right, and to discover from the pictures not so much Wyeth's meanings as his own.

THE NARROW confines of the Olson farm in Maine and the crippled Christina Olson and her brother, a fisherman turned truck farmer, are the subjects of a dozen major works in the show. Wyeth painted Christina first in 1947, as she sat in the unsheltered doorway of the farmhouse. Her angular face is highlighted by a slanting beam of the late afternoon sun that also picks up the weathered texture of the door and the dead branches of a stunted bush beside it; the sea breeze bends the dry grass and blows a wisp of her faded hair. "Christina's World," painted the following year, is even more static. Christina, resting on her twisted hips and bony arms, looks across the empty pasture up toward her house and barn on the crest of a low hill, the house and the woman each alone in a world that is boundless yet pathetically small. In "Miss Olson," dated 1952, Wyeth depends upon a sharply focused profile of Christina to carry his statement of human dignity, endurance, and detachment. With her rough fingers she holds a sick kitten to her breast, dozing, her eyes closed, her cracked lips pursed, wrinkles, warts, and all. A part expresses the whole.

Wyeth's movement toward simplification and suggestiveness is borne out in a remark he made in 1961 about "Christina's World." If he had it to do over again, he said, he might have tried excluding the *figure* of Christina and attempted to give merely the "sense" of her presence. Other paintings detail moments and fragments of the Olson farm that are inseparable from its occupants: a gust of summer wind that catches a lace curtain and holds

So Now It's Optional

She saw you alter
Crossing the park into the street lights.
Making love is not the same
After the secret in the leaves.
You said love.
It sounded real.
Say love:
The words mean different things
Under fluorescence.
So now it's optional,
Holding hands,
Attempting to be friends,
Making sure there's nothing else
To say.

Widower

At first, in moderation,
Conscious of his mornings going off,
He took to God;
Or what he thought was faith.

His wife before she died,
Though ten years older,
Was sure they'd meet
And smiling left him.

Grave-tending on Sundays
He kept her green hump neat.
Weekdays and a pension
Found him time for whist and jumble.

His house is quiet now,
Old memories whisper there.
Some shapes cannot be stood too near
And the old get nothing done with prayer.

—NORMAN JACKSON

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it motionless; the woodstove in Christina's kitchen; her brother's white dory stored among broken farm implements in the barn and gradually filling up with dust and cobwebs; ears of corn hung in the attic for next year's planting; the battered exterior of the farmhouse, sturdy in the sunlight and secure on its stone foundations, but at the same time solitary, worn, and autumnal.

I HAVE REFERRED to the Olson paintings in chronological order to emphasize Wyeth's progression toward refinement and complexity. The Chadds Ford sequences move in the same direction. Alexander Chandler, one of Wyeth's favorite subjects, is an old blind Negro. In the morning his daughter would put him outside to take care of the children; he could tell by their voices if they were drifting away and would bang his stick against the side of the house to command their return. Wyeth painted him, full of authority, his blind eyes staring into the sun and his head turned slightly to catch distant sounds. He also painted him with his little granddaughter standing beside him, in profile against the wall of the weatherbeaten house and lost in her own dreams. Seven years later Wyeth painted the granddaughter again, dressed for a family outing, still shy and indrawn.

Wyeth is attracted to things counter, spare, and strange—walls that flake off old whitewash, a cornstalk left standing in a field, an old boot washed up on the shore, a boy in a coonskin cap sitting in the winter-seared grass, the carcass of a deer hanging by the neck from the limb of a leafless tree, a scarecrow, a single shirt on a clothesline, a First World War veteran proud in his high-necked khaki blouse with Victory Medal and sharpshooter's badge, his old skin soft and his blue eyes faintly filmed over. He seems most of all sensitive to the dilapidations wrought by time. The stillness, spareness, and precision of his pictures are efforts to preserve a moment that is sure to slip away. Yet, though he mostly paints winter fields and old men, there are also children and spring flowers, and his studies of his wife are all joy and affirmation.

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